THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

THOSE of our readers who have found the orthodox explanation of French deflationary policy inadequate will be grateful to Francis Delaisi, author of *La Bataille de l'or*, for his telling analysis of the Bank of France—its organization, membership, and the almost unbelievable control that it exercises over all branches of French industry and commerce. It is M. Delaisi's thesis that the Regency Council of the Bank dictates the financial policies of the Government and is able to cause the overthrow of any Premier who does not enjoy its full support. The spectacle of the enormously wealthy Pierre Laval attempting to reduce the proportions of the camel of French government outlays to something approaching the needle's eye of French government revenue lends much plausibility to Delaisi's argument.

WRITING in the conservative French weekly, *Candide*, Claude Jeantet corrects some false notions about the apparent anarchy of German foreign policy. Behind the multiplicity of personages and government offices, M. Jeantet sees enduring principles, first elaborated by the Führer in *Mein Kampf* over ten years ago.

L. B. NAMIER, whom our readers will remember as the author of an article on T. E. Lawrence in the July issue of THE LIVING AGE, discounts the importance of the German-Polish alliance and points to Austria as the probable victim of Germany's *Drang nach Osten*. Despite the Rosenberg plan for the conquest of the Ukraine, Mr. Namier believes that 'Hitler cannot fight Russia and could gain nothing by doing so.'

THOUGH many interpretations of the Italo-Abyssinian conflict have already appeared in the press, we do not hesitate to print Karl Radek's diagnosis of Mussolini's campaign and of the European set-up that makes it possible. Coming from the official spokesman of the Soviet Government, Radek's statement is not only authoritative but also remarkable for its moderation. Readers who are annoyed by Marxist jargon, with its stock phrases like 'toiling masses' and 'capitalist imperialism,' will find this Communistic pill pleasantly sugar-coated.

AS IT comes from the conservative *Spectator*, John Brown's description of how the Italian workers are faring under Fascism is perhaps a more serious indictment of the system as a whole than many an inflamed pronunciamento from the radical press. Though Mr. Brown does not point the moral, his article confirms the thesis set forth in 'Why Mussolini Wants War' (see the August issue of THE LIVING AGE), in which a contributor to the Italian-émigré *Giustizia e Libertà*, published in Paris, maintains that the Abyssinian campaign is a desperate attempt on the part of Mussolini to gain personal prestige and distract public attention from the growing unrest at home.

JAPONICUS, whose name has often appeared before in this magazine in connection with Far Eastern affairs, brings us a sensational revelation about the Kwangtung Army Intelligence Service and the tremendous rôle it plays in the dismemberment of China. The candid cynicism of the mythical Erokitchigai, who 'gives his friends the dope' on this powerful organization over a café table in Paris, may arouse some not unjustified skepticism. But behind this fictional method we find not fiction but cold—and rather alarming—facts.

A *TIMES* correspondent describes the opium traffic in China and Chiang Kai-shek's efforts to curb it. He concludes that,

(*Continued on page 94*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

WHEN THE HISTORY of the summer of 1935 is written, France and Russia are likely to figure as prominently as Italy and Germany. At the moment, Mussolini's preparations for war and Hitler's new offensive against Catholics, Jews, and Protestants (actually a desperate defensive action against the increasing power of the Reichswehr) dominate the newspapers. But the decision of the Communist International at its first session since 1928 to support liberal, bourgeois, democratic governments and the formation of the French 'Popular Front' of Communists, Socialists, and Radicals are equally sensational. And just as France and England permitted Mussolini to send troops to Africa only because of the greater danger of Hitler in Europe, so the Popular Front came into existence in Paris only because Russian foreign policy prefers democratic France to Nazi Germany.

Less than two years ago Communists habitually referred to Socialists as 'Social Fascists' and declared that any one who drew distinctions between Fascism and bourgeois democracy was a liberal—the lowest form of political life. To-day, however, we find the French Communists offering to join Socialist or Radical governments even though the Socialists refuse to enter such a coalition and some of the Radicals wish to hold aloof. According to Pierre Dominique, one of the editors of the *Europe Nouvelle* and a disciple of Joseph Caillaux, the Popular Front of Communists, Socialists, and Radicals, who demonstrated together on July 14 even though they have not yet formed a close political alliance, 'has

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no economic or social doctrine, for one can find nothing in common between a doctrine based on seizing power by violence, socialization of the means of production and distribution, and the idea of class struggle, on the one hand, and, on the other, extreme individualism, even when it is graced with the name of Jacobinism, with its democratic methods, its desire for class collaboration, and its respect, amounting to fetishism, for property.'

Some observers even go so far as to ridicule the prospects of Fascism in France, pointing to the growing strength of the Left, the possibilities of a general strike, and the failure of Colonel de la Rocque himself, the leader of the Croix de Feu, to attract a mass following. For the Croix de Feu, the strongest of the Fascist organizations, does not present the pseudo-socialist façade that Hitler used so successfully in Germany and for that reason has not tapped the lower middle classes, which are indispensable to any Fascist movement. The best that the reactionary forces can hope for, therefore, is a strictly military coup d'état, and this even the present Government would oppose. But the most powerful opposition to Premier Laval comes, at the moment, not from the Right but from the Left as a result of his drastic deflation, which can be guaranteed—as much as anything in this world can be guaranteed—to fail financially, politically, and socially. But what will follow that crash no prophet with any honor would dare to foretell.

FULLY AS OFFICIAL as Sir Samuel Hoare's outline of British foreign policy, delivered in early July before the House of Commons, and far more concise, is an editorial on the same subject by J. L. Garvin in the London *Observer*. On the subject of the Ethiopian War, for instance, Mr. Garvin leaves little doubt that England's official sympathy lies with Italy—witness this angry interpretation of why Hailé Selassié has refused to make economic concessions to Italy:—

> Why has he refused them? For several reasons difficult to alter. First, since the miserable affair of Adowa—no normal test—the Abyssinians have cherished an infatuated overestimate of their fighting power. Second, they have relied upon the League to paralyze the Italians. Third, the Negus is a proud sovereign—supposed by his subjects to be descended from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba—who holds that his legendary independence is assailed and has believed up to now that he had a chance in arms. Fourth, he has to reckon with the blood-hot confidence of more ignorant elements about him, so that to yield now would probably mean his dethronement, or the break-up of his realm, or both.

Mr. Garvin supports Sir Samuel's anti-Russian attitude and quotes approvingly his suggestion not to 'alienate old friends in a desire to make new ones,' the 'old friends' apparently being both Hitler and Mussolini. Finally, there is the usual carping at 'America's secession' from Geneva and dark hints concerning 'the end of general peace.'

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MORE AUTHORITATIVE but less conspicuous oracles than Mr. Garvin indicate that the war danger has become as actual in England as it is on the Continent. The National Government has announced that the people must buy their own gas masks at the equivalent of $50 a throw and that they cost $2 an hour to operate. Occupants of houses have been told that they must provide themselves with 'effective protection against blast and splinters from bombs' because public bomb-proof shelters are 'impracticable and costly.' In spite, however, of the doubtful usefulness and known costliness of battleships, England is preparing to build far beyond the limits of the Washington Naval Treaty, while Vickers, Ltd., has been obtaining complete possession of Vickers-Armstrong, Ltd., its ship-building subsidiary, of which until recently it controlled only two-thirds of the share capital.

Nor is the armaments boom confined to England. The latest *Statistical Year Book* of the League of Nations shows that in Japan, Germany, Belgium, Norway, and France the heavy industries and, in Czechoslovakia and Sweden, the chemical industries—all of which specialize in armaments—have been almost entirely responsible for the slight recovery that has occurred throughout the world. James Douglas, feature-writer for Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* of London, speaks for the patrioteers of all nations when he urges England to go still further toward curing unemployment by armament expenditures:—

> Britain! Go back to the sea, and let Europe go to blazes if she wants to. That is my broadside for your weak stomachs and fat bellies. You can like it or lump it, my hearties! A dose of salt water will do you good! I give you back the Nelson touch! I fly the old signal: 'England expects that every man this day will do his duty!' If the politicians bar the way, I say, in fearless Jacky Fisher's words, 'Sack the lot!'

TWO CAUSES—one economic, the other political—underlie the latest Nazi repressions of Jews, Protestants, and Catholics. A glance at wages and prices shows why popular discontent with the present régime increases steadily. The *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* triumphantly produces figures that show German wages as having fallen to almost the same level that prevails in Austria and Czechoslovakia, while the prices of many simple foodstuffs have doubled. The more moderate Berlin correspondent of the London *Economist* contents himself with the statement that the cost of living in Germany has risen 20 per cent since 1933, half of that rise having occurred during the past six months. Fears of inflation, coupled with the armaments boom, have brought about a general rise of 25 per cent in the Berlin Stock Exchange, but some issues have risen by as much as 50 per cent and 100 per cent since the first of January. The *New Statesman and Nation's* German correspondent does not, however, believe that these economic troubles are the sole cause of

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the recent disturbances. He can see no chance of a Socialist or Communist revolution until the nation has been still further disillusioned by a disastrous war and finds that Dr. Goebbels and the activist elements in the Nazi Party are attempting to stem the growing prestige of the Reichswehr by giving the people bloody circuses.

ITALY TOOK one more step along the same road to bankruptcy that Germany has followed when the law requiring a gold reserve amounting to 40 per cent of the paper currency was temporarily suspended late in July. Ever since 1927 gold has been leaving the country, owing, as the Bank of Italy itself admits, to the desire of Italians to invest in foreign, rather than domestic, securities. Their lack of confidence is easily accounted for. In 1934 the surplus of imports rose from 1,500 million lire during the two previous years to 2,500 lire, and the budget deficit rose from 3,800 millions to 6,000 millions in the same period. In 1935 wages and salaries have been cut, leading to riots, strikes, and mutinies similar to those in France but less widely publicized because of the press censorship. Since the first of the year, however, a disguised credit inflation, similar to the Reichsbank's policy under Dr. Schacht and the Federal Reserve Bank's policy under Roosevelt, has led to a rise in prices, which the London *Economist* analyzes as follows:—

> The remarkable rise in wholesale prices apparent since January suggests very strongly that some form of disguised credit inflation designed to finance military expenditure has been proceeding throughout the year. At any rate, prices, production, employment, rates of interest, the cost of living, and the import surplus have been rising rapidly, while the gold reserve has been falling. On May 21 a decree was published obliging all Italian banks, firms, companies, and individuals in Italy to deposit within twenty days at the Bank of Italy their holdings of foreign stocks and bonds and of Italian bonds issued abroad. From June 10 the gold stock began to fall rapidly, and by July 10 it was as low as 5,524 millions. Between June 10 and June 30 the Bank's holdings of foreign bills and balances rose by about as much as its gold losses. It appears, therefore, that the Bank had been relinquishing gold to pay for imports and at the same time acquiring the foreign balances accruing to Italian exporters. Simultaneously with the fall in the gold reserve, Italian wholesale prices had risen from 85.2 on January 2 to 96.9 on July 3, while French prices had been about stable. And, despite the import and exchange restrictions, the spot-exchange rate has for some time past stood in Paris at a substantial discount.

The *Economist* draws the conclusion that no amount of popular enthusiasm will be able to carry Italy through the Abyssinian campaign if foreign credits are lacking since enormous purchases must be made abroad. And the London bankers have turned the Italians down cold. One wonders how soon Mussolini will fall back on the 'sucker list' of Wall Street addresses, which have been so obliging to bankrupt but belligerent Europeans over the past twenty years.

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NEARLY A CENTURY ago England waged the famous 'Opium War' on China to force the inhabitants of that country to become drug addicts for the greater glory and profit of British imperialism. To-day Japan pursues the identical policy. According to the Anti-Opium Information Bureau in Geneva, 'the potential danger of Manchukuo for the rest of the world as a source of supply for the illicit traffic is plainly established.' This policy of systematically doping the Chinese people dates back to 1924 when the Japanese established the Opium Monopoly Law in Port Arthur and Dairen. Opium was distributed along the South Manchurian Railway, but the Chinese authorities had been so successful in fighting the traffic that the failure of Japan to poison the Chinese masses became one of the chief causes of the Manchurian expedition. And, since the establishment of Manchukuo, the opium habit has spread rapidly in North China as a definite part of Japan's policy there. A Chinese resident of Manchukuo, for instance, describes the condition of the country as follows in the columns of the *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai:—

> Recently opium smoking has greatly increased. Insignificant merchants, gentry, students, apprentices, etc. have all indulged in opium smoking. The establishment of opium retail stores (offices) are like the 'trees in the forests' (meaning numerous) and are under various attractive names, such as 'A Peach Garden outside the World,' 'Drinking and Sleeping Room,' 'Refreshing House,' 'A Tower of Sleeping on the Clouds,' 'Rejoicing Garden,' etc. These establishments are organized after the model of the Japanese organizations, whose capital varies from $10,000, to $200,000—which can easily be put up, individually or collectively. These establishments all employ waitresses, whose 'by-product' business (prostitution) is equally flourishing.

Meanwhile Chiang Kai-shek is trying to fight the opium habit in those parts of China that the National Government still controls. In a little over a year nearly three hundred sellers of narcotics or hopeless addicts have been put to death and thousands have been cured by a treatment that usually lasts ten days and costs from 5 to 7 Mexican dollars per head. All addicts must report to the authorities before 1936 and receive treatment in one of the 600 centres that have been established throughout the country. [See article entitled 'Opium in China' in this issue of THE LIVING AGE.]

THE BRITISH DEPARTMENT of Overseas Trade has just issued a remarkable report entitled *Economic Conditions in Japan*, which upsets many foreign preconceptions. Although orthodox financiers prophesied bankruptcy at the time of the Manchurian expedition four years ago, the value of the yen has fluctuated on an exact parallel with the value of the pound sterling, and to-day Japan's statesmen point to a far more successful application of the New Deal formula of revival by government

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spending than our own Mr. Roosevelt can. Here is what the report has to say on this subject:—

> At the beginning of 1932 industry and trade were stagnant, and the banks were holding immense idle deposits. The Government then embarked upon its policy of reflation and liberal spending, and, though it is difficult in these matters to distinguish cause and effect, a close study of recent developments leads one to conclude not that the Government has been enabled to float large issues by favorable economic conditions but rather that the loan-financed expenditure of the Government has set in motion economic forces that were awaiting release and has thus produced those favorable conditions.

Industrial production has increased 35 per cent since 1930, but the workers have not shared in this gain:—

> Although there is no abnormal unemployment in industry, there is serious distress in many agricultural areas, which is, in fact, a symptom of underemployment and may be regarded as latent unemployment. Although the real earnings of industrial workers as a group have increased, the average real earnings per head of the industrial worker have remained stationary or tended to decline during the period under review. Such prosperity as Japan has lately enjoyed has so far benefited only limited sections of the population. It has not been shared by the agrarian class, and it has been of advantage to the workers in industry (apart from those in specially favored trades—for example, certain export trades and those connected with the output of munitions) negatively by saving them from unemployment rather than positively by increasing their incomes.
>
> Since the agrarian class alone constitutes nearly one-half of the total population, it is clear that consumption in the domestic market must in these circumstances remain low, and that, if we take into account the small manufacturers and tradesmen, who serve the needs of the domestic market, at least one-half of the community is suffering from diminished income or underemployment.

THE OUTER WORLD knows as little of the underground revolutionary movement in Japan as it does of the corresponding movement in Germany, but here the parallel ends. For, whereas the German opposition to Hitler is almost exclusively Communist, the Japanese opposition to the Mitsuis and Mitsubishis, who are exercising a thinly veiled dictatorship in Tokyo, comes from the young army and navy officers, who are defending the rights of the oppressed peasantry. The *Japan Advertiser*, for instance, prints this interview with a farmer from the village of Nerima near Tokyo:—

> The farmer has a hard time, for he is fighting desperately to earn his living, but in vain. His life is made harder by the fact that he is required to take military drill, is called upon to serve his turn as the village night watchman, has to play the part of fireman, and attend meetings of one kind and another. Moreover, he is often involved in politics and social work. These things may be all right, but they mean money. The young man on the farm has learned to wear a watch, dress in foreign clothes, dine at restaurants. In the meantime, his sisters and mother have forgotten the art of making things at home and prefer to buy manufactured articles from the city, while the cash income from the farm has

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become less. The farmer has been spending much more money in buying articles from the city than the amount he earns from his farm and has had to sell his land, slice by slice, to support his family.

The London *Observer's* Tokyo correspondent gives this description of the men who are capitalizing this unrest:—

> The significant agitators against the existing order in Japan to-day are not Socialists, who are few in number and mild in program, or Communists, who have been almost wiped out of existence. The agitator who is most to be reckoned with to-day is the young army or navy officer, who is responsive to the sufferings of the masses, especially of the peasants, who have been relatively much worse off than the city population during recent years.
>
> These young officers are ardent patriots and are convinced, at the same time, that some kind of sweeping reorganization of the economic system is necessary and that private capitalism must be curbed, if not abolished altogether. This military radicalism, if it may so be called, is still in a formative, emotional stage. It has no outstanding leader and no fixed body of dogmas. But it might play a very important rôle in the event that Japan should be abruptly precipitated into a severe political or economic crisis.

NEITHER ENGLAND nor the United States but Holland is the white country that the rise of Japan has affected most seriously. A glance at the atlas explains why this is so. The Dutch Colonial Empire lies almost exclusively in the East Indies, and it is here that Japanese expansion has raised the most havoc. In 1933, Dutch textile exports to the East Indies came to only a quarter of what they had been two short years before. Japan having captured the market, Japanese middlemen are putting the Dutch and Chinese out of business, and Japanese—not Dutch—ships are carrying all the merchandise. Finally, Japan buys more than half its oil from the East Indies. Nor is Japanese penetration a purely economic affair. Japanese agitators are attempting to stir up native sentiment against the Dutch. The Japanese Government is said to have requested The Hague to permit its citizens to settle in the East Indies, whereupon the Dutch dispatched one of their own colonial experts, a former governor general, on a New Guinea commission to investigate the possibilities for white colonizers. However, few Japanese actually live in the East Indies, and those that have settled there engage for the most part in trade, journalism, fishing, and photography. America's promise of Philippine independence has alarmed Holland almost as much as it has England, for, if the plan is carried out, the United States cannot be counted upon to save the Far East for European imperialism.

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The greatest French authority on financial problems reveals the intricacies of the Regency Council of the Bank of France and shows how this small group holds the whip over the Government.

The Bank *of* France

By Francis Delaisi

Translated from *Vu*
Paris Topical Weekly

WHEN M. Flandin read his ministerial declaration to the Chamber on November 14, 1934, he said, 'They ask us to choose between deflation and devaluation. But I shall not allow myself to be confined in this dilemma.' The Chamber approved by a large majority, and public opinion went even further than Parliament. For the public wants a stable franc and is weary of constantly renewed monetary sacrifices for the sake of a budgetary balance that is never achieved.

Of course, the president of the Council knew that the foreseen expenses for the current year were bound to exceed the 14 billion francs of receipts. These expenses included subsidies to hard-hit industries, agricultural loans, national defense, and so forth. The president of the Council also knew that he could not get long-term loans and that the Caisse des Dépots et Consignations and the private banks were saturated with short-term Treasury bonds and were afraid they could not maintain solvency. To persuade them to subscribe again, with taxes looming ahead, he had to give them the assurance that in case of panic the Bank of France would discount their bonds and furnish them with a sufficient quantity of notes to meet their withdrawals.

But the Bank of France refused. Or, rather, it made its own conditions. In a resounding speech, M. de Wendel, senator, metallurgist, Regent of the Bank of France, and president of the Alliance Républicaine, asked the Government to assume full powers and to save four or five billion francs at once by cutting the income of civil servants, pensioners and rentiers alike (budgetary equilibrium), and to divert this

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money to heavy industry by easing its taxes, by subsidizing it, and by giving it special orders (economic relief).

M. Flandin refused, and for four months the Government lived from hand to mouth, borrowing from the Postal, Telegraph, and Telephone System and so forth. At the beginning of May the Treasury deposits in the Bank had fallen to 349 millions. Then, when it was announced that a large number of bonds would reach maturity on June 15, many good conservative Frenchmen took fright and began exporting their capital. In two weeks the gold reserve of the Bank of France decreased by 334 millions and then by 522 millions. Nevertheless, the Regents, unabashed, maintained the discount rate at 2½ per cent. During this first fortnight no 'international speculation' had occurred, for one does not enter into struggle with an adversary who has 40 billion gold francs at his disposal. International speculation was content to launch its operations against the florin and the Swiss franc. But when foreigners saw that the French themselves—at least those who were best informed—were losing confidence in their own money and that the Bank of France did nothing to defend it, they decided that devaluation was imminent and entered the game on May 13.

II

In eight days, from the 17th to the 24th of May, the Bank lost 3,166,000,000 francs from its gold reserve. But the imperturbable Regents let the flow run its course and maintained the discount rate at 2½ per cent. Meanwhile, in his sumptuous study at the Hotel Matignon, M. Flandin was not quite so calm. If the panic were to continue, what bank would underwrite the bonds required to make payment on the notes maturing in June? And, if the Government were compelled to decree a gold embargo in order to stop the hemorrhage of capital, infuriated public opinion would obviously blame the Government and not the Bank of France for the drop in the franc.

There was nothing to do but give in. On May 23, M. Flandin called a Cabinet meeting to ask for full powers. The Regents were immediately aroused. In a series of successive moves they raised the discount rate to 3 per cent (on May 23), to 4 per cent (on May 25), and to 6 per cent (on May 28). On that very day M. Flandin, his arm in a sling, placed before Parliament the same dilemma that he had formerly rejected: 'Give me full powers to carry out "budgetary economies" and "economic relief." The only alternative is the fall of the franc.' Devaluation or deflation!

But the Chamber, conscious of the pressure involved and knowing well that the Bank of France had the means at its disposal to break up the speculation, was not moved and overthrew the ministry. Fernand Bouisson, Laval, Piétri, then Laval once more were asked to form a new Government. But the governor general of the Bank of France put the same ultimatum before them all: deflation and full powers. Otherwise the Bank refused to rediscount. Evidently the Chamber could not prolong an unprecedented ministerial crisis indefinitely without discrediting the entire régime. Therefore it finally accepted M. Laval's compromise. Immediately, as though by some

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trick of magic, speculation stopped, and the franc was saved. In whose hands, then, is this formidable power, which was able to triumph over a legal government and impose its will on the representatives of the people? This is something that every citizen has the right, and even the duty, to find out.

between three and five shares. In other words, only 6,000 shareholders held more than five shares apiece. And the democratic character of this distribution is always stressed. But, when one knows that the capital of the Bank is divided into 183,500 shares, the distribution takes on the following aspect:—

17,889	shareholders have 1 share apiece	17,889 shares
9,021	" " 2 shares "	18,042 "
8,021	" average 4 " "	32,084 "
34,931	shareholders have	68,015 "
6,069	" "	115,485 "
41,000	" "	183,500 "

III

The Bank of France is administered by a General Council composed of eighteen people: a governor general and two assistant governors, appointed by the State, and fifteen Regents, elected by the General Assembly of the shareholders. The governor holds the seal, and no action may be taken without his consent. In the Council meetings, however, he and his assistants have only one vote apiece, like the other members. Since decisions are reached on the basis of a majority vote, the power of the State is reduced to the right of veto, for the governor general may always refuse to sign. In reality, the Regents direct the politics of our Institute of Issue.

Theoretically, these fifteen people represent the shareholders of the Bank, which is a private organization. Since all the shares are registered, one can always know who the shareholders are. In 1933, out of 41,000 shareholders, 17,889 owned only one share, 9,021 held two shares, and 8,021 held

In other words, although the small shareholders (those having under five shares apiece) are in a majority of 85 per cent, the 6,000 large shareholders (15 per cent) hold 63 per cent of the stock, a fact that is not generally mentioned. The latter group holds an average of 19 shares apiece, each one of which is worth about 10,000 francs on the exchange, a total of 190,000 francs, which, after all, is not at every man's disposal. Moreover, these 6,000 shareholders of the 'good bourgeoisie' have no more influence over the Bank of France than the 35,000 small 'democratic' participants! For, by virtue of a law dating back to 1803, signed by Bonaparte, First Consul, and completed in 1806 by Napoleon, First Emperor, it is decreed that:—

Article 10. The totality of the shareholders on the Bank of France will be represented by two hundred men, who, gathered together, will form the General Assembly of the Bank.

Article 11. The two hundred shareholders composing the General Assembly will be those who, according to

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the *Revue de la Banque*, will be deemed to have been its most powerful shareholders for the six months previous to the time of election. In case of tie, the shareholder of longer standing shall receive preference.

Thus, among the shareholders of our great Institute of Credit there are 'second-zone' shareholders. They form a group of 'passive citizens,' who share in the profits but are excluded from any participation in the life of the Bank. There is also a very small number of active citizens, 200 out of 41,000, who alone have the right to elect representatives to the General Council, which holds full powers.

It is clear that a strong spirit of emulation exists among those who aspire to direct the Bank, and they must consequently force themselves into the ranks of the most powerful shareholders. According to a recent census, 133 people hold over 100 shares, and 226 hold between 50 and 100 shares. It was therefore sufficient to pick out 67 names among the most powerful in the second category to form the Assembly. Since the shares are worth over 10,000 francs apiece on the Exchange, it is evident that a man must hold at least 800,000 francs of Bank stock to achieve the honor of sitting in the Assembly and having a vote.

And still people will say that the most perfect equality reigns among these privileged characters, for they must attend the annual session in person and none of them disposes of more than one vote regardless of the number of his shares. It is none the less true that the constitution of the Bank of France is absolutely plutocratic. One might even say that it is aristocratic, for a recent list published in 1930 includes the names of M. de La Rochefoucauld, M. de Ludre, M. de Montholon, M. du Breuil, M. de Pontbriand, the Marquis de Vogüé, the Marquis de L'Aigle, Count de Pourtalès, Count de Reinach, Count de Rémusat, and Count de Ribes. The old French nobility, excluded from Parliament by universal suffrage, has found its House of Lords in the Bank.

IV

Whom have these two hundred privileged electors appointed to direct the credit of France? At the outset they entrusted this formidable power to six bankers.

At first, this may seem surprising, for the essential function of the Institute of Issue, as we have seen, is to rediscount the commercial paper of other bankers. It is bound to do this with the greatest discernment, since its portfolio of investments, along with its gold reserve, guarantees the bank notes in circulation. Moreover, how could this choice be impartial if the judges are party to it, as bankers who are both clients and administrators of the Bank of France are entrusted with the task of receiving or rejecting their own paper and the paper of their competitors? Of course, the First Consul decreed that among the fifteen Regents five should be drawn from the ranks of commerce or industry and three should be chosen from among the receivers of public revenue. But he said nothing about the other seven. The bankers took advantage of this omission and allotted six places to themselves, which are held to-day by Baron Edouard de Rothschild, Baron Hottinguer, Baron Jacques de Neuflize, M. Ernest Mallet, M. Pierre

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Mirabaud, and M. Félix Vernes. M. Vernes, recently deceased, has been replaced by M. David Weil, of the Banque Lazard Frères.

Each one of these represents his own banking house, banks of a somewhat closed character. For over a century rich families belonging to the high nobility or the upper bourgeoisie have grown accustomed to entrust them with the administration of their property. The banks tell their clients what investments to make and what stock to sell according to the fluctuations of the market. They have always performed their duty with prudence and honesty, and they have thus become the administrators of the large fortunes of France. (One of the investment portfolios thus administered by a bank is estimated at 1,800,000,000 francs.)

It is obvious that it is important for these men to be Regents of the Bank of France. For they are thus placed in a better position to cash in on enterprises whose stocks are sold on the Exchange; to take advantage of the movement of capital, the fluctuation of discount rates; and, in case of crisis, to cover stock that they have sold short and to engage in other operations of last resort or safety. That is why they have built up their holdings from the outset in order to raise themselves to the category of the 200 great electors. Their principal clients, who profit by this privileged situation, have done likewise and back them with their vote at each vacancy. Imperceptibly, the function of the Regent has become a sort of title attached to each one of these six houses. The fathers transmit it to their sons, sons-in-law, and nephews.

In his recent report to the General Assembly, the governor general recalled that M. Félix Vernes, who died last year, after having been Regent for thirteen years (1921–1934), had succeeded his father and his grandfather. Likewise M. William d'Eichtal, who succeeded his grandfather, Adolphe d'Eichtal, and his uncle Paul Mirabaud, transmitted his seat to his nephew, M. Pierre Mirabaud, when he died last year. The Hottinguers entered the Regency Council in 1803. As for the Barons Mallet, their ancestor was a member of the first Regency Council, instituted by Bonaparte in 1800, and from that day on they have handed down the thirteenth Regent's seat without a single interruption in a hundred and thirty-five years. We have here five families and five banks (Mallet, Hottinguer, Mirabaud, Vernes, and de Neuflize) who are always ready to put at the disposal of our Institute of Issue their 'hereditary devotion,' as the present governor so forcefully expressed it. Is it not wonderful to note this strange stability among the masters of economic power in a country whose political system has changed so often during the last hundred and thirty years?

V

These five Regents, who are of Swiss origin, are Protestant bankers who came from Geneva, Basel, or Zürich at the same time as Necker, that is to say, the end of the eighteenth century. After trying to save the finances of the monarchy in its decline, they attempted to establish the finances of the Revolution, and Bonaparte was happy to have their support against the Ouvrards and other French financiers, who, with the beautiful

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Madame Tallien as a go-between, had financed the Directoire, which he had just overthrown.

To this list of great electors, we should add the names of the Rothschilds. They began, as everyone knows, by financing the revolt of Europe against Napoleon and preparing Waterloo. Louis XVIII, in gratitude for their services, admitted them to France. Louis-Philippe installed them in our country definitely, and Napoleon III, after having set them aside, had to submit to their growing power. Baron Alphonse de Rothschild became a Regent in 1855, and the family is still a somewhat withered branch of the powerful house that reigns over London and a large part of the world.

In certain 'conservative' circles people denounce 'international finance.' It is not generally known that the Bank of France owes it a third of its General Council and half of its Regents, if we exempt the three officials who watch the current account of the Treasury. Let us add that 'old France' is honorably represented by the Marquis de Vogüé, whose family has administered for more than two centuries the famous mirror factory of Saint-Gobain, founded by Colbert. This family represents the most powerful chemical industry in France. Moreover, the noble Marquis is an administrator of Creusot (Schneider and Company), of the Crédit Lyonnais, and president of the Suez Canal Company, a comfortable retreat for retired generals and Ministers who have served well.

A law passed on April 22, 1806, stipulates that five Regents out of fifteen shall be chosen among manufacturers and merchants who are shareholders in the Bank. The manufacturers are represented by M. de Wendel, metallurgist, M. de Vogüé, chemical products (Saint-Gobain), M. Duchemin, chemical products (Kuhlmann), M. C. Poulenc, chemical products (Rhône-Poulenc), M. Tinardon, chemical products (Alais, Froges et Camargue), and M. Darblay, paper.

VI

At first sight, this representation may appear somewhat restricted and partial. Moreover, it is rather difficult to have twelve people represent all the branches of economic activity, the apparatus of which has become singularly complicated since Napoleon's time. (Three of the Regents, chosen among the officials belonging to the Ministry of Finance, are appointed only to control the Treasury account; they do not belong to the business world.)

But the Regency Council has been able to get around this difficulty. The game of corporations, which has developed so prodigiously in the past twenty years, allows one person to appear in several directorates. A careful reading of the annual reports reveals that the twelve Regents are personally involved as directors of 95 companies, in which they occupy 150 seats. A glance over the accompanying chart reveals the following organizations:—

Thirty-one private banks, including the parent banks described above; eight insurance companies, nine railroad companies (five French and four foreign), eight navigation, armament, and warehouse enterprises, seven metallurgical companies, six electrical companies, eight mining

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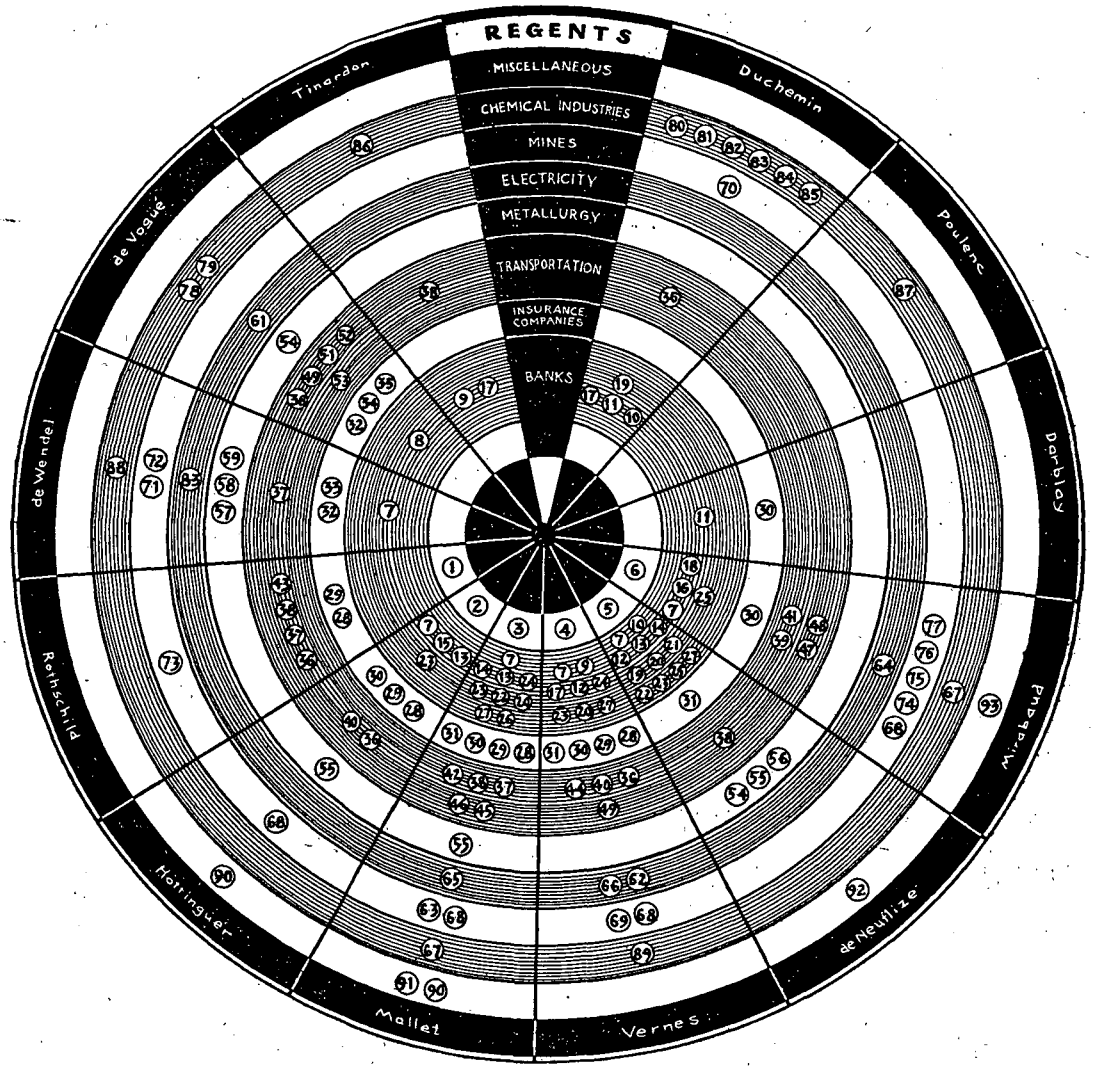
Chart Showing the Directorates to Which the Various Regents Belong

(By referring to the corresponding numbers in the list printed below the chart, you may see what particular companies and banks each Regent controls.)



Companies Represented by the Regents of the Bank of France

1. Banque Rothschild (Rothschild Bank)
2. Banque Hottinguer
3. Banque Mallet
4. Banque Vernes
5. Banque de Neuflize
6. Banque Mirabaud
7. Banque de l'Union Parisienne
8. Crédit Lyonnais
9. Crédit Foncier de France (Mortgage Credit Company of France)
10. Crédit National
11. Union Industrielle de Crédit pour la Reconstruction
12. Crédit Mobilier Industriel
13. Société Française de Reports et Dépots

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14. Compagnie Parisienne de Réescompte (Parisian Rediscount Company)
15. Caisse Générale de Prets Fonciers et Industriels (Mortgage and Industrial Loans Company)
16. Crédit à l'Industrie Française
17. Crédit Algérien
18. Compagnie Algérienne
19. Banque Nationale du Commerce Extérieur
20. Banque des Pays de l'Europe Centrale
21. Banque Franco-Polonaise
22. Banque Franco-Serbe
23. Banque Ottomane
24. Banque de Syrie
25. Banque d'Athènes
26. Compagnie Générale du Maroc
27. Banque Hypothécaire Franco-Argentine (Franco-Argentinian Mortgage Bank)
28. Assurances Générales (Insurance)
29. La Nationale
30. Le Phénix
31. L'Union
32. Union La Providence
33. Réassurances Générales
34. L'Urbaine et la Seine
35. Foncière-Transports
36. Chemins de Fer du Nord (Northern Railroad Company)
37. Chemins de Fer de l'Est
38. Chemins de Fer Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée
39. Chemins de Fer Paris-Orléans
40. Chemins de Fer du Midi
41. Chemins de Fer sur Routes d'Algérie
42. Chemins de Fer Damas-Hamah
43. Chemins de Fer Madrid-Saragosse
44. Chemins de Fer Province de Buenos-Ayres
45. Société Navale de l'Ouest
46. Docks et Entrepôts du Havre (Havre Docks and Warehouses)
47. Société Générale de Touage et Remorquage (General Towing and Hauling Company)
48. Société Lyonnaise de Navigation et Remorquage
49. Compagnie Auxiliaire de Navigation
50. (omitted) *
51. Société Port de Beyrouth
52. Compagnie Africaine d'Armement
53. Société Universelle du Canal de Suez
54. Schneider et Compagnie
55. Union Européenne Industrielle et Financière
56. Zinc de Silésie
57. Les Petits-Fils de François de Wendel
58. Etablissements Decauville
59. Chantiers de Basse-Indre (Basse-Indre Yards)
60. (omitted) *
61. Gaz et Electricité de Marseille
62. Société Financière d'Electricité
63. Association Minière (Mining Company)
64. Société Franco-Suisse d'Energie Electrique
65. Eclairage, Chauffage, Force Motrice (Light, Heat, Motive Force)
66. Energie Electrique du Sud-Ouest
67. Usines à Gaz du Nord et de l'Est
68. Houillères d'Epinac (Epinac Coal Mines)
69. Houillères de Rochebelle
70. Mines d'Anzin
71. Mines de Liévin
72. Compagnie du Boléo
73. Mines de Penarroya
74. Le Nickel
75. Mines de Ouesta-Mesloula
76. Mines de Bor
77. Phosphates de Gafsa
78. Saint-Gobain (Chemical Co.)
79. Société Normande de Produits Chimiques
80. Etablissements Kuhlmann
81. Produits Chimiques de Saint-Denis
82. Produits Chimiques Coignet
83. Compagnie Nationale des Matières Colorantes (National Dye Company)
84. Produits Chimiques Bozel-Malétra
85. Electrochimie d'Ugine
86. Compagnie Alais, Froges et Camargue
87. Etablissements Rhône-Poulenc
88. Salines Domaniales de l'Est (Eastern Domanial Salt Mines)
89. Air Liquide
90. Compagnie Générale des Eaux (General Waterways Company)
91. Société Allumettière Française (French Match Company)
92. Grands Magazins du Louvre (Department Stores)
93. Glacières de Paris (Paris Refrigeration Plants)

* *Omitted in original chart*

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companies, twelve chemical industries, and seven diverse enterprises (refrigeration plants, sugar refineries, department stores, and so forth).

VII

Thus all the different aspects of industrial activity are represented. The merchants, though they may not have a seat among the Regents, sit in the discount committee, where they have a so-called consultant vote. As for the agriculturists, whom Napoleon forgot, it has been recently declared that they are represented by the Marquis de Vogüé, who is among other things a rich landowner and president of the Union des Agriculteurs de France. No man, it seems, can have a greater interest in our peasants, since he administers both Saint-Gobain, which furnishes them with chemical fertilizer, the Creusot, which sells them agricultural machines, the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée Railroad and the Auxiliaire de Navigation, which transport their products, three insurance companies, to protect them against all risks, and the Crédit Lyonnais, to invest their savings. In this far-fetched manner the Bank of France introduces itself to the public as the impartial representative of all branches of the country's economic activity.

If these different branches were definitely and distinctly represented, the divergent interests could exercise reciprocal control by opposing each other and finally reach equilibrium. But struggles would ensue in the heart of the Council that the Regents prefer to avoid. To achieve peace each group has consented to admit into the directorates that it controls one or two Regents from other companies. First, the five Protestant banks founded a large business bank, the Union Parisienne, in which M. de Wendel is associated. At the same time three of their directors sit side by side with M. de Rothschild in the Assurances Générales and the Nationale. The Rothschilds, in turn, are associated with de Wendel in the Chemins de Fer de l'Est and the Penarroya factories. Baron de Neuflize, a colleague of the Rothschilds in the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée Railway, is a member of the supervising board of Creusot, along with M. de Vogüé. M. Duchemin, representing Kuhlmann chemical products, meets M. de Rothschild at the Chemins de Fer du Nord, M. de Neuflize at the Banque Nationale du Commerce Extérieur, and M. Tinardon at the Crédit Algérien. I found only one person who is a director in a single company—M. C. Poulenc. On the accompanying chart one may see how far this 'interlocking' of directorates has gone.

The twelve Regents who are thus associated in 93 different companies hold 150 seats. Thus it often happens that three or four of them are gathered in the same directorate. Rival groups can thus watch one another and are not exposed to surprise attacks. Their interests meet at so many points that they cannot fight each other too violently without exposing themselves to reprisals.

At any rate, they all have the same precious privileges to defend. That is why inevitable rivalries of personalities and groups are toned down in the General Council of the Bank, and the most important questions are discussed in friendly conversations and decided in the course of a weekly

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luncheon. While the people passionately take part in the violent struggles of the parliamentary arena, their greatest interests are decided by discreet conversations in a kind of preëstablished harmony.

And what facilities are offered to the lucky Regents! When it is a matter of rediscounting bills of exchange, renewing them, or obtaining loans on stock, the discount committee, which is composed of three Regents assisted by three Parisian merchants, makes the decision. But how could these three experts question the credit of a company that is administered by one of the Regents? Under these circumstances, every company of the slightest importance wants to have a Regent in its directorate. These gentlemen do not have to solicit seats. Their arms stretch out in spite of them.

VIII

Only one foreign element could trouble this touching, family-like harmony. The governor general and his two assistant governors are appointed by the State, and the Regents may not put any decision into effect without their signatures. They are appointed precisely to check the Regents' initiative and even to impose upon them the Government's will. But a way has been found. The law of 1806 decrees that 'before assuming his duties, the governor shall possess a hundred shares in the Bank, and each of the assistant governors shall possess fifty shares.' These are not to be sold while they are in office; they serve as a kind of security. During Napoleon's time shares were worth about 1,000 francs apiece. To-day their Exchange value is 10,340 francs. An honorable official, however high he may stand in the hierarchy, rarely has a million or even a half a million francs at his disposal. But let no such small matter stand in the way! The Regents, six of whom are bankers, will be glad to sell the necessary shares on credit to their future controller in order to permit him to exercise his function. This makes him their debtor, so that, if a conflict arises between his creditors and the power that appointed him to office, he is faced with a curious dilemma. If he takes the Government's side, he is saddled with a debt that he cannot pay off. (That poor M. Moret was much pitied when he was retired by M. Flandin before he had a chance to liquidate his obligations.) If, on the contrary, the governor general takes the Regents' side, they will not only allow him all kinds of delays in making payment but will secure for him a gilded retirement in one of the numerous directorates in which they are interested.

This is a well-established situation. M. Moret, leaving his former post, found a place for himself in the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas. M. Charles Rist, former assistant governor, holds a position in the same bank and in the Suez Canal Company, to which he was appointed by M. de Vogüé. His predecessor, M. Sergent, is at the Union Parisienne, where his successor, M. Luquet, has joined him. Is it any wonder, then, that M. Flandin, in a rare stroke of authority, replaced M. Moret by M. Tannery and then saw the new governor become the faithful mouthpiece of the Regents at the end of several weeks?

Such is the minute and formidable power that for six months has held the legal Government of the country in

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check and has not hesitated to place the fate of the franc at stake in order to force the Government to capitulate. After having used up five ministerial combinations in five days, it triumphed over Parliament by wearing it out.

What do these men want? First, to realize three or four billion francs by cutting the incomes of civil servants, pensioners and rentiers (budgetary equilibrium) in order to add more money to the 11 billion francs in subsidies that industries running at a loss are already receiving. (This they call economic relief.) Second, to create a special category, including about a hundred 'sheltered' companies, which would be well supplied with orders from the Government and credit from the Bank of France. Third, to leave all other enterprises to their own resources so that the weaker ones will go into bankruptcy (purification) while the others will be absorbed by the privileged industries (rationalization). By this game the crisis will perhaps ruin the country, but it will reinforce the power of the Council of the Twelve (shades of ancient Venice), the members of which bear the almost royal title of 'Regents.' Such is the result of Article 11 of the law passed on the 24th of Germinal in the year 11, which gives the 200 richest shareholders the right—unprecedented in any legislation—to name the administrators of our Institute of Issue. No efficacious measure can be taken against the crisis so long as 200 families retain the hereditary privilege of governing the credit of France.

In the past, when the king was a minor, a regent governed in his place. French democracy now has twelve regents.

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A conservative French newspaper man detects unity behind the apparent disorganization of German foreign policy, and a disillusioned Englishman shows against whom the Nazi gun is pointed.

GERMANY *and* the World

Realpolitik Revised

I. Hitler's Foreign Policy

By Claude Jeantet

Translated from *Candide*, Paris Topical Weekly

THE diplomatic success achieved by the Third Reich in concluding the Anglo-German Naval Pact must necessarily draw our attention to the organization of German foreign policy.

Until quite recently, it was considered smart to proclaim that there was no such thing as Hitler diplomacy and that there never could be. But the agreement of June 18 has revealed the continuity of certain directing ideas in Hitler's foreign policy. For, since the publication of *Mein Kampf*, the ruler of the Third Reich has consistently endorsed the closest possible rapprochement with Great Britain. And, some time ago, the opposition of the Third Reich to the Franco-Russian Alliance, which was then in the process of formation, stressed the permanence of the Hitlerite point of view with regard to Eastern Europe and Soviet relations.

But more is involved than mere principles—there is also organization. People used to say that the Hitler diplomacy was in the hands of so many different government offices besides the Wilhelmstrasse (the Ministry of Foreign Affairs) that it was fatally incoherent and powerless. But it is precisely through one of these independent offices that the Naval Pact with Great Britain was con-

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cluded. Herr von Ribbentrop personally directed the negotiations, not as a representative of the Wilhelmstrasse, to which he does not belong, but as Ambassador Extraordinary of the Führer himself, entrusted by his leader with questions of disarmament, armament, and rearmament in the diplomatic field. In spite of this apparent anarchy, the Hitler organization functioned effectively. Since it is planned to have other important negotiations follow this same procedure, we should consider the different offices that divide among themselves —or, as one might have said before June 18, that dispute among themselves—the direction of German diplomacy.

An important work on Hitler's foreign policy has just appeared in French translation. Dr. Max Beer, the author of this book, which is entitled *L'Allemagne devant le monde*, is a former German high official of the League of Nations, where he worked under Stresemann. [See Dr. Beer's 'The Deluded Reich' in the August issue of THE LIVING AGE.] Thus we are not dealing with a pamphlet analogous to so many others written by sectarian Marxist émigrés, with their blind passion against the 'New Germany.' This specialist, who writes as a German patriot, interprets the diplomatic events that took place between 1933 and 1935 as so many setbacks for his country. He levels basic criticism at Hitler's methods in foreign politics, and he concludes that the Third Reich must not only fail but must meet with fatal failure so long as it clings to its present principles. Notably, when Dr. Max Beer discusses the simultaneous existence of several offices concerned with foreign policy, he diagnoses the case as disorganization and incoherence, although he does not fail to understand the reasons behind this apparent anarchy.

II

But we should study in a different spirit the multiplicity of men, bureaus, and Ministries that control National-Socialist foreign policy. The march of events, the first advantages gained by the diplomacy of the Third Reich should rather incite impartial observers to look upon this diversity as a new kind of organization, motivated in part by new principles which are elaborated progressively and gradually substituted for previous systems.

When National Socialism assumed power on January 30, 1933, certain men expected to see a complete overthrow in the personnel of traditional diplomacy. There was no dearth of pretexts for carrying out such a liquidation. In the course of the innumerable gatherings that Hitler and his Party had organized throughout the country, as well as in the extremely radical campaigns that they had launched against the *Diktat* and the foreign policy of the Weimar system, they had assumed a definite stand, which differed profoundly in its sanctioned tactics, that is to say, in its diplomatic technique, from the official point of view. Finally, in the National-Socialist Bible, *Mein Kampf*, written as early as 1923–1924, the Führer had traced the general outlines of National-Socialist foreign policy, which was valid not only as an opposition arm but as a government program once the National-Socialist Party came into power.

Nevertheless, the foreseen over-

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throw did not take place. When he called upon Hitler to form a government, Field Marshal von Hindenburg personally intervened in behalf of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and asked that it be spared. Moreover, Adolph Hitler himself had good reasons to tread gently—the immensity of the task confronting him in the domestic scene—economic, social, and financial affairs; the danger of launching inexperienced men in a field where it would be extremely difficult to control their acts and abilities; the necessity of making transitions gracefully in a particularly delicate diplomatic situation and of putting on the brakes, if not by tempering speeches and proclamations, at least by retaining the diplomatic personnel.

At any rate, with von Neurath as Minister of Foreign Affairs, aided by the Under-Secretary of State von Bülow and the directors belonging to the traditional cadres, the Wilhelmstrasse kept its former aspect. The presence of Ambassadors like Roland Koester in Paris, von Hoesch in London, and even Luther in Washington confirmed this impression. At the time, people remarked how conformist the Weimar régime had been in its foreign policy. If the Wilhelmstrasse survived January 30, it was because the Republic had also respected it and had made no essential modification in its cadres. The imperial tradition was carried on at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs long after the November revolution. This time it was going to permit National Socialism, now master of the Government, to take care of current affairs, and, sheltered by this convenient cover, to prepare a progressive reorganization of diplomacy in the Hitlerite sense of the word. Indeed, National Socialism introduced new elements into foreign policy, good according to some and bad according to others, but of such a nature that it was impossible for the Hitlerites, after their accession to power, to ignore them.

III

We have already quoted the conclusions that the leader expressed in *Mein Kampf*. The principal points are a radical and effective struggle against the Versailles Treaty, the signing of which the Nazis do not recognize, a system of alliances with Great Britain and Italy, a political drive for German expansion eastward, and a system of rearmament.

We must also consider the general principles of National Socialism, which have their inevitable consequences on foreign policy. Let us merely mention them: their significance is obvious—the Pan-German racial theory, which maintains that the German nation goes beyond the frontiers of the State; anti-Semitism, with its struggle against 'Jewry and international finance'; and, finally, anti-Marxism, with its logical consequence—anti-Sovietism.

All these principles were too strong, as we remarked at the time, to be set aside by the very men who had expounded them and who owed a good part of their victory to their promulgation. Moreover, in a great many cases, the Wilhelmstrasse diplomacy, which knew how to take care of current affairs and give an impression of continuity, seemed unable to assimilate National-Socialist principles or to modify them satisfactorily. This explains the important rôle that a

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certain number of personages and government offices outside the Ministry of Foreign Affairs have played. In this way, they have elaborated a National-Socialist foreign policy, which the Führer integrates bit by bit, in an experimental way, with the official politics of his Government, while the traditional cadres are discreetly slipping into the background.

The same process has taken place in the Reichswehr Ministry. There, too, Hindenburg intervened in January, 1933, for the preservation of certain traditions, and there, too, the National-Socialist Government proceeds step by step, respecting the traditional cadres—with the exception of von Schleicher, who was killed for political reasons. Thus the Reichswehr is being transformed without open conflict. The Wilhelmstrasse, relegated to a secondary rôle, was destined to lose not only the official direction of operations but also the effective command of National-Socialist diplomacy.

Until National-Socialist foreign policy reaches a sufficiently advanced stage of development to be entrusted to a reformed Wilhelmstrasse or a new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Adolph Hitler himself has taken command by continual intervention and by choosing among the suggestions offered by different men. There is no possible doubt about this. The very diversity of rumors about the identity of the real chief of German diplomacy proves that Hitler has never ceased to exercise his rôle of supreme arbiter.

In reality, Hitler's direct interventions are numerous and important. Is it not he who sanctioned the rapprochement with France in many of his great speeches dealing with diplomacy? Is it not his personal authority that was able to impose upon Germany the accord with Poland, so thoroughly hated until 1934? And, finally, is it not he who, contrary to the predictions of his own aides, denounced the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty on March 16, 1935?

Among the diplomatic bodies outside the Wilhelmstrasse, we should mention, first, the Foreign Political Office of the Nazi Party, directed by Alfred Rosenberg, one of Hitler's first counselors and a specialist on racial and oriental questions. Rosenberg has played a capital rôle in the theoretic elaboration of Nazi doctrine in foreign policy.

Another important organization in the Reich's foreign policy is the Ministry of Propaganda, where Goebbels rules. It has taken upon itself many functions that formerly belonged to the Wilhelmstrasse—notably, Polish relations.

We should also mention the League for Germanism Abroad, which assumes greater importance every day, thanks to the great rôle that the Third Reich attributes to the politics of minorities. The report of German activities in this field for the year 1934 deals with Denmark, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Memel, Poland, Danzig, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Italy, France, Belgium, and the U. S. S. R. Other reports concern themselves with German groups in North and South America. Hamburg is the capital of all these organizations. Among the personalities outside the Wilhelmstrasse who play, or have played, an important diplomatic rôle, need we mention Göring, the great traveler in the Balkans and the interlocutor of

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Pierre Laval in Cracow? von Papen, whose special missions were legion? and Rudolf Hess, with his interventions and his appeal to the former combatants to make the Franco-German rapprochement effective?

But the success of the Anglo-German Naval Pact has brought Herr von Ribbentrop to the fore, although his former interventions were not always so successful. Unquestionably he is the man whose influence is dominant in National-Socialist diplomacy to-day.

II. Germany Looks toward Austria

By L. B. Namier

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

THERE is a vague belief in people's minds that Germany's face and hand are against Russia. Hitler himself asserts it, indeed, he bawls it into the world; and the Bolshevists, convinced on principle that the 'capitalist world' is scheming their destruction, accept his word. Moreover, recent experience has proved once more that an aggressive policy against the East is for Germany easier of achievement and more profitable than action against the West. But Germany's immediate neighbor and hereditary enemy in the east is Poland, and the most painful consequence of Germany's defeat is the amputation of her Polish provinces. Before 1933 the recovery of the lost territories in the east was the foremost objective of every nationally minded German. But Hitler has made friends with the Poles. This *volte-face*, or, rather, 'facial transformation,' seems surprising, incomprehensible, almost incredible—it may be a mere manœuvre to gain time, an easy makeshift of a man who as readily concludes treaties as he repudiates obligations, or it may just be part of an improvising political incoherence. Anyhow, it does not follow the line of Prussia's traditional policy.

But there are people who try to read sense and a deeper meaning into all actions of rulers. They reason: Germany cannot renounce the Corridor and Upper Silesia; she is rearming on a vast scale; she proclaims her hostility to Russia and her friendship for Poland; Pilsudski and his group aimed at one time at further extensive conquests at the expense of Russia—is Germany perhaps out to obtain a revision of her eastern frontier in agreement and coöperation with the Poles, compensating them in the Ukraine, White Russia, and Lithuania for cessions in the west?

Is such a policy practicable? In the Corridor, even in 1919, the Poles were in a majority; now they form 90 per cent of the population. The Corridor secures Poland's access to the sea; its retrocession would give Germany an economic stranglehold on Poland. In Upper Silesia, the districts ceded to Poland fall short of what the Poles can claim on grounds of language and nationality. All the territory that Germany can possibly demand from the Poles is ethnically Polish. But can any nation exchange land inhabited by its own people against ethnically foreign country? At no price and

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against no compensation will any Polish Government, of its own free will, agree to such a deal. Would England accept the mediæval French Empire of Henry V of England in compensation for Cornwall or Kent, or France give up Alsace-Lorraine in exchange for Northern Italy or Catalonia? Why, then, expect such a thing from the Poles? When Jules Ferry engaged in colonial expansion, not as a compensation for a voluntary cession but as a kind of consolation after the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, Deroulède exclaimed in the Chamber: 'I mourn two children, and you offer me twenty domestics!'

In the east, provinces inhabited by millions of White Russians and Ukrainians are included within the present frontiers of Poland—an 'irredenta' that threatens her existence. Would it be sound policy for the Poles to add to their numbers? This would merely hasten the loss of the non-Polish territories that they now hold. Nor would the creation of satellite states in the Ukraine and White Russia against the Soviets, if at all feasible, work in favor of the Poles. The Moscow Bolshevists may disinterest themselves in the fate of Ukrainian or White Russian territories under Polish rule, but nationalist states in the Ukraine or White Russia could never evince such indifference. They would become Germany's clients and allies against a Poland sandwiched in between them. Lastly, the Poles would never allow German armies to cross their country, even in order to fight Russia, for they would hardly trust them, once they had entered the late Prussian provinces, voluntarily to leave them again.

Hopes or fears of a joint German-Polish expedition against Russia are mere bubbles. If the Germans hint at such schemes, it may be in order to cover up Hitler's betrayal of Prussia, or his manœuvre or blunder; if the Russians take them seriously, it is because, having for almost twenty years cut themselves off from the intercourse of men, they see ghosts. What, then, is the purpose of Germany's armaments? What is the future direction of her policy, and where is her much-heralded 'rehabilitation' to take place? Clearly armaments and drill for their own sake will not satisfy a nation indefinitely; nor will the canceling of some by now meaningless paragraphs of the Treaty of Versailles justify the effort and sacrifice implied in rearmament. What Hitler says or what Hitler thinks matters little. He will say and he will think different things on different days, sincerely, with half-sincerity, or without any. What matters is the direction in which his own sentimental antecedents and the logic of the situation lead or force him.

II

There are three Germanies: western Germany on the Rhine, the Germany of the great northern plain dominated by Prussia, and southern, Danubian Germany converging on Austria. Western Germany has almost throughout history been on the defensive, while Berlin and Vienna have been outposts and centres of German expansion. The Prussian lines of advance run along the Baltic and up the Oder and Vistula; the Austrian, toward the Adriatic and into the Balkans. They are historically distinct, divergent, almost contradictory, for they pre-

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suppose different policies and alliances. Hindenburg and Ludendorff were Prussians, born in the eastern provinces, with the cause of the *Ostmarken* in the blood; neither could have renounced the Prussian claims against Poland, and the Junker leaders of the Reichswehr favored coöperation with Russia, even with Bolshevist Russia, against the Poles. Hitler is an Austrian by birth; the Austrian Germans were nowhere in conflict with the Austrian Poles and, in fact, coöperated with them. The main fear and hatred in pre-war Vienna was of Russia, the enemy of the Hapsburg monarchy and of the Poles, and the protector of the Czechs, Yugoslavs, and Rumanians. Hitler's readiness to make friends with the Poles and to inveigh against Russia is perhaps an unconscious inheritance from his Austrian past; anyhow, it follows the line of Austria's traditional policy. Moreover, a crusade against the Bolshevists would seem a fitting sequel to his previous domestic brawls, slogans, and exploits, and, by proclaiming it, he hopes to gain the sympathy of the anti-Bolshevists abroad, especially in England, and to justify in their eyes the rearmament of Germany. But there is no substance behind such talk. He must know that joint action with the Poles against Russia is not practical politics, and it would hardly be a serious concession or sacrifice on his part if he accepted the Eastern Pact.

III

What, then, is the present meaning of the German-Polish agreement (for the meaning of agreements may vary from time to time)? Hitler can never renounce Austria, any more than Poincaré could have renounced Lorraine or Pilsudski Vilna. This is where his past leads him, but, while he engages in a campaign against Austria, the agreement with the Poles covers his northern front, both against Poland and against Russia. To the Poles, on the other hand, who had to fear that they would become the first object of attack by a rearmed Germany (backed perhaps by Russia), the agreement with Germany offers the assurance that her first attempt to break through will be on the Danube and not on the Vistula.

Austria is German, and seemingly the most plausible claim that Germany can raise for a revision of the peace treaties is that she should be allowed the measure of national reunion that was postulated for all other nations at the end of the war. Before the advent of the Nazis, union with Germany was the common program of all Austrian parties. Now a democratic alliance of Catholics and Socialists in Austria could alone form a bulwark against the Nazi advance or aggression and was therefore desired by the wisest leaders in both camps. The situation has, however, been messed up by the puppets of Mussolini, who played his own game independently of, or even against, the Little Entente and France. He favored Hungary and Bulgaria, which, as soon as Germany disclosed her armed strength, declared for her, and he has raised up a nondescript Fascism in Austria, which has laid the country open to Nazi intrigues, propaganda, and coups.

Vienna is the focal point on the Danube and perhaps the most important strategic position in the politics of Central and Eastern Europe.

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The moment the Nazis successfully set up their standard in Vienna, the whole of Central and Southeastern Europe, from the Bohemian Mountains and the Carpathians down to the Adriatic, Greece, and the Straits, would be aflame, and the political balance of Europe would be destroyed. Czechoslovakia, surrounded by Nazis and Magyars, with millions of Nazis within her own borders, would either have to pass into the German orbit or cease to exist, while Yugoslavia and Rumania would be attacked from two sides by the Magyars and the Bulgarians. Italy, so far from being able to play a preponderant part in the territories of the old Hapsburg monarchy and in the Balkans, would have to think of her own safety. If then the Western Powers remained passive spectators, German hegemony on the Continent would be reëstablished beyond anything known in 1914, more ruthless and more menacing, more brutal and more barbaric.

To sum up: Hitler cannot fight Russia and could gain nothing by doing so; territorial rearrangements with Poland are moonshine; the German-Polish Treaty deflects his activities in the direction in which his own feelings lead him. The Austrian problem has been in the forefront ever since he assumed office. There it remains. Even on grounds of internal German politics, he cannot leave any solidly German territory outside the framework of the 'Totalitarian State.' Agreements can be concluded about Austria, and quasi-solutions can be found, without in any way safeguarding the position. For in Austria Hitler can adopt various methods, plausible in appearance and difficult to counter or to dispute. But the enormous armaments, the universal drilling, and spiritual militarization of the German people, the tension that Hitler has worked up in Germany—all this cannot unload itself in the mere expunging of the 'war-guilt lie' or in a theoretical declaration that Germany is fit to hold African colonies. Berchtesgaden is now the emotional centre of an incalculable German policy, and the storm that is brewing threatens Vienna. When it breaks, it will not be a merely local disturbance.

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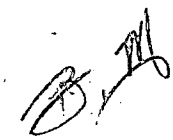
The official spokesman of the Soviet Union analyzes the imperialist scramble, and a conservative Englishman describes the civilization that Italy is ready to force on reluctant Abyssinia.

The Italian Adventure



At Home and Abroad

I. Imperialists on Parade

By Karl Radek

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Official Government Daily

ITALIAN policy with regard to Abyssinia is an absolutely open attempt on the part of Italian imperialism to rule, both economically and politically, the last independent government in Africa. In reply to the censure in the English press, not only the Fascist press but also the head of the Italian Fascist Government, Signor Mussolini himself, replied with a proverb: 'Even if all the other cows were bellowing at us, it would still behoove the English cow to be quiet.' He went on to say that Italy is preparing to do the very same thing that Warren Hastings and Clive did in India, that Cecil Rhodes and Jameson did in South Africa, and that the British Government did in Egypt.

Italy is planning to seize with a mailed fist a country that it considers a valuable acquisition. At the same time the Italian Government, like all imperialist Powers, points to the white man's burden and his duty to extend the benefits of civilization to his less fortunate colored brethren. Italy also points to the practice of slavery in Abyssinia, a blot that can be removed only by the force of Italian guns. And it is utterly futile for Emperor Hailé Selassié to point out that slavery

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exists also in the Italian colonies next to Abyssinia, in Eritrea and Somaliland. He could even go so far as to say that slavery exists in all the northern and central African colonies. But that argument will not stop the Italian bayonets.

The essence of the question resides in the fact that Italy belongs to the group of Great Powers who are dissatisfied with the results of the World War and are striving toward revision. In fact, the Italian Government has never made a secret of this. And it found itself in the anti-German group only at the moment when German Fascism, contrary to its promises, decided to seize Austria from within. Then Italy took a stand against Germany although it had previously declared itself in favor of the revision of the Versailles Treaty and the redistribution of the world. At this point, however, Italy silently withdrew the slogan of common revisionism, or, rather, gave it a peaceful significance—but only with regard to European affairs.

II

The source of Italian revisionism is the attempt to use imperialist expansion to get Italian Fascism out of the difficult position in which it is now placed. Italian Fascism came to power not only on a wave of fear set in motion by the threat of proletarian revolution but also on a wave of discontent occasioned by the results of the World War. Italy received no important colonies at Versailles, but England took over the German South African colonies and gained valuable protectorates in the Near East, while France got mandates over Togo, Cameroon, and Syria. The insignificant pieces of territory that Italy received from her former Allies, though they offer great possibilities for investment, cannot be made into markets or sources of cheap raw materials.

Moreover, Italy was unsuccessful in the Balkan Peninsula. The struggle for economic and, thereby political, power over the Balkan countries, in which she coöperated first with France and then with both France and Germany, demanded the investment of more capital than the Italian bourgeoisie had at its disposal. The Italian program with regard to Austria has a negative rather than a positive character. Italy opposes German imperialism in Austria because, if Germany should ever extend its frontiers to the Brenner Pass, it would strengthen its position on the Don and in the Balkans and would also spur the opposition of the German population in the Southern Tyrol.

On the other hand, the union of Austria and Italy would create tremendous difficulties for the latter Government, for Italy is not prepared to meet the competition that the highly developed Austrian industry would give the Italian market. Furthermore, she fears the German-Austrian population, with its high culture and its big cities, and would not like to have it as a part of the Italian Government, for this part of the population would resent assimilation even more than the Southern Tyrolese peasants do.

Therefore, Italian imperialism seeks revision in Africa, first and foremost. But it knows very well that it will never get Tunisia over a conference table, and therefore it has decided to work along the line of least resistance. Italy chose Abyssinia, and the reason

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why she picked this particular time to solve the Abyssinian question is that she is reckoning with the possibility of war within the next few years. But Mussolini believes that the peace years that Europe still faces are sufficient for him to conquer Abyssinia and get back in time for the general scramble in Europe.

III

The rapprochement between France and Italy that took place in January, 1935, convinced Italian Fascism that France would not stand in Italy's way in so far as Abyssinia is concerned, for her first desire is to feel sure of Italy's help against Germany. This calculation explains the incomprehensible humility that Italy displayed during the January negotiations with regard to French colonial concessions. She was content with modest grants since she hoped to get a great deal more in Abyssinia by the power of cannon. Apparently, Italy does not believe that an Austro-German Anschluss during her absence is a serious possibility. This calculation is based on the conviction that Italy will be able to seize Abyssinia with some three hundred thousand soldiers and on the equally significant conviction that France will support Italy against Germany, so that German imperialism will lose its taste for a trip to Vienna during the Italian voyage to Abyssinia.

The development of events has thus far confirmed the Italian calculations in so far as France is concerned. In this respect, Italy derived great benefit from the conclusion of the Anglo-German naval pact, which provoked a certain distrust toward England in French government circles. Unable to depend fully on English help against Germany and fearing independent moves on the part of the English Government that might embolden Germany, the French Government temporarily dismissed all the political calculations that could force it to take steps against the Italian adventure. These calculations are integrally connected with the policy that France has pursued in the League of Nations.

France took her stand against Germany on behalf of the League, in defense of collective security, and for the observance of treaties. But this point of view hardly coincides with Fascist Italy's policies and with her preparations to swallow up Abyssinia, the independence of which Italy and the other Great Powers recognized in many diplomatic documents—to say nothing of the fact that Abyssinia was invited to join the League of Nations at the suggestion of Italy and France. But these arguments apparently lost all significance in the sight of French government officials when they were threatened with the danger of being isolated in Western Europe. French politicians maintain that Great Britain does not want to assume any obligations to defend France against Germany. If, in addition to this, France should cause a rapprochement between Italy and Germany over Abyssinia, the chief purpose of French post-war diplomacy—to secure the support of the Western Powers in case of German aggression—will fail. In that case, France will be left with the League of Nations but with no allies in the West. These considerations forced the French bourgeoisie to turn a deaf ear toward all English demands for joint measures to defend Abyssinian independence.

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But what was the basis of Great Britain's opposition to the Italian policy, an opposition that led to an outburst of anger in the Italian press and to a considerable disturbance in Anglo-Italian relations? The English Government explains its point of view on the basis of principles, a desire to spare the League of Nations a profound upheaval. It is undeniable that these considerations play an important rôle in determining Britain's attitude. They arise from two sources—domestic and foreign.

IV

The English Government faces new elections. The League of Nations, as was abundantly proved by the Peace Ballot (a plebiscite conducted by private individuals to determine the attitude of the English people toward the League and the defense of peace), enjoys the sympathy and support of the broadest masses in the English petty bourgeoisie and proletariat. The League will play an enormous rôle in the future elections.

The other determining factor relates to Britain's foreign policy. England is playing for a new delay and is trying to put off the final moment when she will have to make her position clear with regard to opposing Powers. It is most convenient for her to play the rôle of a world arbiter in the quarrel between France and Germany. British imperialism is trying to lure the Third Reich back to the League in order to balance Germany against France. For the English Government is afraid that, if the Abyssinian affair, following the Far Eastern conflict, should once again reveal the complete impotence of the League of Nations, she will be unable to use the League to maintain the balance of power.

In addition to this, we should not underestimate the importance of British African policy. England will not be satisfied to secure Lake Tana, which feeds the Blue Nile. Literature concerning Abyssinia is very scarce, and the author of this article does not pretend to completely independent orientation in the field of Abyssinian geographic and economic conditions. Nevertheless, it is clear that British imperialism had many opportunities to enter into some agreement with the Abyssinian Government about this lake.

The very fact that England has not to this day concluded any such agreement lends plausibility to the statement of African experts who believe that Lake Tana is not as important for the water supply of the Sudan and Egypt as it has been made out to be. The Blue Nile has many sources, and the waters coming from far-removed Lake Tana are not the principal one. But, even if this statement is not entirely accurate, it is clear that a compromise between England and Italy with regard to Lake Tana lies within the realm of possibility.

Probably Great Britain's opposition, in so far as it is due to an interest in her African colonies, has more general reasons. If Italy should occupy all Abyssinia and get a firm hold on the country, she would become the ruling power in northeastern Africa and would be inclined to coöperate not only with Egypt and the Sudan but also with the neighboring Arabian Governments. British imperialism takes the possibility of war into consideration both in Europe and in the

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Far East. It is difficult to foresee the actual developments in this war. England does not know how great a rôle she will be forced to play in the far-removed scenes of battle. Her hegemony over the Red Sea will then become a life necessity.

On the other hand, no one can foresee what side Italy will take in this eventuality. She could exploit her increased strength to raise the question about English and French Somaliland as the just price due her for participation in the allied cause. Italy's rôle in the future war would not be as important to France as to Great Britain. For Great Britain has already felt the pressure of the Italian hand even on the Arabian side of the Red Sea, and her dominance over the waterways to India is at stake.

These are the motives that unquestionably played a large rôle in England's declaration against the Abyssinian adventure and that led England to make the proposal that Sir Anthony Eden voiced in his conference with Mussolini. The essence of this suggestion was as follows: if Italy would limit her demands to less strategic parts of Abyssinia,—a reference to a part of Ogaden,—then England would be ready to give Abyssinia an open way to the sea through Zeila in British Somaliland. Italy rejected this proposal, for she thought that once Abyssinia had an open port at her disposal it would be more difficult than ever to conquer the country.

Mussolini's refusal to accept the English proposal and the failure to get France to exert joint pressure on Italy led to a certain change in the British position, which found expression in the parliamentary speeches of the new English Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sir Samuel Hoare. Sir Samuel recognized Italy's right to colonial expansion and declared that it was slanderous to say England had asked France to apply joint economic sanctions against Italy in case of war. This change of front led to further conversations, the exact contents of which are unknown but which attempted to persuade Italy to be satisfied, at this stage of the game, with a protectorate over those provinces that she claimed in the 1906 agreement. At the same time, however, England and France are not to demand a protectorate over the provinces that they claimed in the same agreement.

V

It is difficult to foresee future developments. In any event, their importance is manifest, not only for the fate of the League of Nations but also for the relations among the various European Powers—and eventually for European peace. If Italy should really enter Abyssinia, the difficulties that she would meet may prove larger than she now foresees. She underestimated the obstacles that she would have to face in Libya, and the governor of Libya, General Balbo, has warned his Government to bear the Libyan lesson well in mind. Experts on Abyssinian affairs, among whom there are many army officers with a great deal of colonial experience, write in the English press and point out that Abyssinia will be a hard nut to crack. This is the hope of German Fascism, which has kept very quiet on the Abyssinian question, so as not to frighten Italy away.

The attitude adopted by the German Fascist press is not acciden-

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tal. The Prague *Neue Vorwärts* quotes the following interesting notice sent out by the German Ministry of Propaganda:—

'National-Socialist foreign policy does not wish to endanger relations with Italy by criticizing German-Italian relations in the press. In speaking about the Abyssinian question, we should consistently avoid any pronouncement of our own point of view, and in reprinting comments from the foreign press we should be careful to suppress any unfriendly statements.'

If Italy goes to war with Abyssinia, the clash may lead to such an upheaval in the European balance of power that the European war will approach at a heightened tempo. The Abyssinian campaign may play the same rôle with regard to the European situation today that the Libyan campaign played with regard to the World War of 1914–1918.

II. Italian Workers under Fascism

By John Brown

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

As I talked to officials of some of the Ministries in Rome, corporativism seemed a reality. But to the workers whose lodgings I was sharing in the Piazza Cavour the Corporative State remained a platform phrase. They worked as laborers on a building scheme near the Baths of Caracalla, going out at eight in the morning and returning about nine in the evening, and were members of the building workers' syndicate. Contributions were twopence a week, but that was all they knew about the union, for no meetings were held. Wages approximated to fifteen shillings a week, and some employers were paying less. Their friends knew nothing about these corporations, they said, and as for the forty-hour week, about which there was so much talk—that had not yet appeared in Rome.

In Milan, however, I found that several big undertakings had reduced hours and made staff increases. But, as the reductions of hours were always accompanied by drastic pay-cuts, the reform was not popular. The wives of some of the factory workers had some pungent comments to make on these developments, while it was clear that the general level of wages had been lowered since the beginning of reorganization. Outside the larger plants there is no control over the length of time worked, and the big employers feel with some justification that they are receiving more than their due share of attention. Wage rates in Lombardy were considerably below those of Britain. The basic rate for laborers, for example, is equivalent to half a crown a day. Rents are very low, of course, but prices were steadily rising as a result of Italy's retention of the gold standard, and there is a noticeable tendency to cut labor costs everywhere.

Skilled workers in the textile factories are earning only sixpence per hour, and there are thousands who do not earn the equivalent of £1 a week in England. Unemployment benefit is paid for three months only, after which

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applicants must go to the relief offices. The maximum rate of unemployment pay is only five shillings a week, although this may be supplemented by a grant in kind from the local *Fascio* if a man is a party member. The mass of the working population, however, is outside the unemployment-insurance scheme, and men and women alike are thrown upon relief and charity funds as soon as they become unemployed. If wages in Lombardy and Piedmont were below the British level, those paid in Calabria and Sicily did not stand comparison. I lived among the peasants in Sicily and took the opportunity of seeing how they eked out their tiny incomes.

II

In many ways the south of Italy has not yet abandoned conceptions of pre-industrialism. Women were paid half a crown for a week of one hundred hours in some villages, and men rarely earned as much as ten shillings. The exploitation of the women, who are patient, hard-working, and intelligent, was the most deplorable feature, but they were quite unconscious of this, for the present conditions have prevailed for generations.

In some Sicilian villages no hot meals are cooked for more than half the year, the people surviving on a very low diet, which would drive the average British worker into rebellion within a few days. Some families could not even afford the cheap communal wine and relied upon orchard raids for fruit supplies.

The problem of absentee landlordism was again emerging, after a dormant period, and this was causing a certain amount of discontent. But I felt that it would not go very far beyond the stage of grumblings in cafés and party meetings. For the severe examples made last year, when 'malcontents' were whisked away to the Lipari Islands concentration camps, have not been forgotten. In the quarries near Taormina, I heard complaints about the representatives appointed by the syndicates to meet the employers, and these were duplicated in the north. Each industry is organized vertically in regional councils of employers and workers, the lower grades of councils including delegates directly nominated by the syndicates. The more important positions are reserved for those appointed by the government. Whoever is appointed must also have all the qualifications required of a parliamentary deputy (i.e., must be approved by the Fascist party).

In the last few years, more and more employers and clerks have been appointed to 'represent' manual workers on these councils, and this has caused considerable murmuring. The disgust of the miners at being compelled to approach a clerk notorious for his 'time-serving' attitude to the employers can be well imagined. In Lombardy, the business leaders I met knew nothing of the 'planned production' that was so much on the lips of the officials in Rome. Papers were continually being sent to them from the Corporations Ministry, they admitted, but, if they answered them all, there would be no time left for work. I was given damning evidence of foreign orders being lost through the interference of the bureaucrats with foreign-currency reserves and raw-material orders and formed the impression that the em-

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ployers were being needlessly harassed by a horde of inefficients.

That the Ministry has no real policy is obvious from its continued retreats whenever a number of employers combine to refuse assent to some plan. But the officials have always returned to the attack. This meddling with the employers is an aspect of Fascist policy that is rarely stressed. But its importance may be gathered from the fact that the business men are turning their thoughts more and more in the direction of military adventure as a way out of their difficulties. One employer, speaking of the gravity of the economic crisis, said, 'There have been so many false alarms, but there must be something really wrong this time. A war would alter everything.'

Employers admitted quite frankly that Fascist syndicates were much easier to deal with than the old unions. Some of the new organizations had been founded by the employers themselves. The principle of syndicate organization in practice is that there should be some responsible official, whether called a president or a secretary, with whom the employer can deal directly in the event of a dispute. In this way any attempt at mass action or demonstration is forestalled. Factory meetings are almost unknown, and it has become an unwritten rule for workers to complain only to the shop leader, who deals with all matters as he thinks fit and has easy access to the manager. If a really serious dispute arises, it is settled by party officials through the Labor Court. Lock-outs and strikes are, of course, prohibited, strike leaders being liable to two years' detention and a fine of a thousand lire.

How far the workers are free to combine may be gathered from the fact that in Bologna I was told by a shop foreman that any group of three or more employees who plan to leave work, or to restrict production, or even to make a protest that threatens to affect other people are liable to a minimum sentence of twelve months in a concentration camp. Needless to say, such cases are rare, for in a country honeycombed with Secret Police correspondents, a man with a grievance has no easy task. I discovered that the steady, hard-working, self-educated type of man with whom I had grown familiar in the British trade-union movement was concentrating on the Dopolavoro (Workers' Recreation Association) in Italy.

Discontent is spread in patches, but nowhere is it of any immediate importance, and the 'underground-opposition' story of the Paris exiles is much more of a hope than a description. The national leaders have no qualms about political revolt, believing that in thirteen years they have completely destroyed the roots of Socialism and Communism. Since December last they have been bringing their weapons to bear against pacifism—so far with complete success, for so much economic and social pressure can be brought to bear on 'internationalists' that only the very resolute can make a stand.

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A Frenchman describes the amazing part the Japanese Secret Service plays in the gradual conquest of China, and an English writer reviews the present position of the drug trade, with special attention to General Chiang Kai-shek's efforts to bring it under his control.

CHINESE TURMOIL

Boring from Within

I. The Japanese Intelligence Service

By Japonicus

Translated from *Candide*, Paris Topical Weekly

IN THAT quiet café on the Boulevard Saint-Michel where a certain number of distinguished Japanese like to congregate after dining in a neighboring Chinese restaurant, Commander Erokitchigai,—both the title and the name are fictitious,—former officer in the Imperial Navy, recently invited some of his friends to celebrate the great victory of June, 1935, won without bloodshed in northern China. This victory gave Japan the provinces of Hopei and Chahar, which represent an area of some 400,000 square kilometres and over 30 million inhabitants. Chance, the Providence of journalists, guided my steps toward that café on the day in question. The host gaily invited me to join the other guests, and thus there were seven pairs of ears opened wide to all the confidences that the reserve officer promised us. He could express himself without restraint, for, though the walls may also have ears, they do not understand Japanese.

Whisky is a requisite at this kind of party—whisky, the only product, the embittered British say, for which the Japanese industrialists have not

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yet found a substitute. For in Japan they shamelessly fabricate authentic Bordeaux wine and no less authentic, though national, Burgundy wine. They even make champagne. (On the day when the Japanese distill Scotch whisky 'made in Japan' the world will see British commerce come to an end.)

II

So the whisky flowed freely, and this is what Commander Erokitchigai said:—

'A toast, gentlemen, in honor of the Japanese Kwangtung Army, in honor of its leaders and its Intelligence Service. They have just added 400,000 square kilometres and more than 30 million inhabitants to our colonial empire, which is the youngest and most vigorous of all empires. And they are preparing to extend it over an additional 600,000 kilometres and 50 million Chinese.

'The first part of the Japanese imperial expansion programme could not have been better executed. Moreover, the special services of the Kwangtung Army studied the plan minutely. The unforeseen was reduced to zero.

'Do you remember the night of September 18, 1931? Lieutenant Kawamoto, accompanied by six men, was making the rounds a few kilometres north of Mukden when he heard a violent explosion. Some one had tried to blow up the railroad track. It was ten o'clock. The Manchurian troops and certain Korean regiments entered into action almost immediately in the entire zone of the South Manchurian Railway from Changchun to Port Arthur—that is to say, over a distance of more than 755 kilometres. Did they go into action even before this blessed explosion? Some claim they did, and their arguments are not altogether baseless. But to maintain the honor of Japan we affirm that the Japanese troops started their offensive drive exactly thirty-two seconds after the explosion, and Manchuria was conquered in seven days, much to the surprise of those naïve Chinese, who pretended that we had violated the rights of man, the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the Washington Treaty, and the Covenant of the League of Nations. Face to face with this ridiculous protest against the eternal law of nature that the tiger should devour the inferior animals, we left Geneva and its hypocrisies.

'Let us continue. Since Jehol Province was geographically connected with Manchuria, we could not leave it to the Chinese. During the early months of 1933, therefore, we took a "constitutional" through that picturesque region of Inner Mongolia, and, finding it ready to accept the benefits of Japanese civilization, we immediately decided to include it in our glorious empire. This was a distinct honor that we bestowed upon it. Thus was the Manchukuoan protectorate created.

'Then we had to prepare the second phase of the Japanese expansion programme. This preparation was to have taken two long years. It was a question of approaching, always pacifically, the Chinese provinces of Hopei, Shantung, and Shansi as well as the Mongolian provinces of Chahar and Suiyuan. In order to dodge complaints that would be as out of place as they were ineffective and useless and to avoid invocations of the rights of man and of all rights past, present, and future that emasculated countries

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proclaim in various tones, the Intelligence Service of the Kwangtung Army decided to try a new method.

'The Gods smiled upon us, their direct descendants. It was enough for us to be somewhat assured of sympathy in London and Paris. In both those cities we had at our disposal a propaganda service, the richly paid agents of which owed it to themselves to display special zeal. We ordered our London propagandists to persuade the British that they could make a lot of money in Manchuria,—we omitted to say for whom,—and we commanded the Japanese propagandists in Paris to convince the French, those everlasting sentimentalists, that we were the constant victims of the Anglo-Saxons, who harassed us with injustice and deprived us of petroleum. This underground work began last October. Since we did not need to fear the reaction of European public opinion, which was so thoroughly chloroformed, we started the second act, with which you are well acquainted, in June, 1935.

'People constantly speak of the British Intelligence Service and praise it unreservedly. Unquestionably, it has done much toward raising the British Empire to the zenith of its power and its glory, from which we hope some day to make it descend. But it is to the Japanese Intelligence Service, with its energetic chief, Major General Doihara, that our country owes its Manchurian colonial empire. And some day it will have to thank this service for extending the Japanese Empire to the Yellow River, thus almost doubling its territory and quadrupling its population.

'The Kwangtung Intelligence Service, which is autonomous, although it often coöperates with the information service of the mother country, includes all China as its field of activity. In the Tibet its agents come in contact with the agents of the British Intelligence Service, and in Outer Mongolia they meet with the members of the terrible GPU. It does not behoove me to give you more precise details or to speak about myself. But you must not be surprised if you learn one day that among the Communist bandit chiefs who operate in South China and who are fighting with such energy against General Chiang Kai-shek there are a few of our agents. It is a good game. For Chiang Kai-shek, although apparently pro-Japanese, is really anti-Japanese. But probably no one will ever know this, for the officers and the civilians who have the supreme honor of serving in this élite corps know how to die in silence.

'At the present time, is there a single region in China that foregoes the privilege of offering its hospitality to one or more Japanese Intelligence Service officers? I do not think so. But, for reasons that you well understand, I prefer to go no further along these lines, although the field is fertile in dramatic incidents and foreseen accidents. I said almost too much when I confessed that the confidence of my chiefs had bestowed upon me the great honor of serving in this marvelous organization.

III

'Gentlemen, let us drink in honor of the noble deeds of the Kwangtung Army Intelligence Service. Perhaps it would be wise to end this long discussion by an anecdote, which will have the advantage of recalling an

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actual fact. In the only vaguely Europeanized hotel of a city in western China, a member of the British Intelligence Service, a Russian spy from the Sovietized territories of Outer Mongolia, and a member of the Japanese Intelligence Service of Hsinking met less than twenty-four months ago. The Japanese was selling aphrodisiacs, the Russian dealt in furs. As for the Englishman, he represented a photographic concern, and, under the pretext of demonstrating the excellence of his camera and his films, he went about taking pictures from morning to night. Though it is difficult for the uninitiated to distinguish a member of the Intelligence Service from an ordinary civilian, the various agents find each other out with more or less facility. They have a flair for one another, so to speak, and they have a family look about them that rarely deceives.

IV

'Very quickly these three traveling salesmen identified each other. They smiled, understood each other, and, being good sports, each one invited the other two to have a drink of whisky. They all hoped to profit by the weakness of their colleagues to appropriate their information and documents. The Englishman said to himself, "Six glasses of whisky, and the Japanese, who can't be used to alcohol, will be dead drunk. As for the Russian, will he hold out until the sixteenth glass, or will I have to stand twenty drinks?" And the Englishman made a grimace, for he well knew that by the time he had had his nineteenth drink his hearing would begin to fail him.

'They sat down to the table and ordered three glasses of Black and White from the Chinese boy. While drinking, they carried on a gracious conversation, like the three worldly gentlemen that they were. One round of drinks followed another, and the Japanese gaily engulfed the sixth drink, much to the Britisher's amazement. The Russian drank whisky like water, and this observation made chills run up and down the European insular's back. But, suddenly, after the twelfth round, the three guests felt overwhelmed by a stupor against which they could not react. They dozed off and finally lapsed into the deepest slumber.

'When they awoke, some twelve hours later, and returned to their rooms, the Englishman found an envelope containing a respectable number of pounds sterling, corresponding approximately to the value of his photographic works, but the photographs were gone. Always master of himself, he barely muttered a "Damn" and added that he would know better the next time. The Russian lost some pieces of fur with rich linings, which served as pouches to hide precious material collected here and there. The Japanese noted the disappearance of five jars of aphrodisiac powders, among which he had slipped some notes taken during his trip. The Russian and the Japanese received a good indemnity, the first in rubles, and the second in yen. But the Russian could n't get over his anger, for his life was at stake. The Japanese turned slightly more yellow, and a faint circumstantial smile played about his lips. As for the Chinese boy who had served the whisky with such care, he left the hotel in the morning, for he had received a telegram saying that his father was gravely ill.

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'When, two months later, the salesman dealing in aphrodisiacs returned to Hsinking, where all the services of the Kwangtung Army were gathered, his chief greeted him with ironic condescension, which made a rather disagreeable impression on him. He wanted to deliver his first report orally, none the less. Then his superior officer opened a closet, took out the five jugs of aphrodisiacs, and handed them to the completely amazed agent, who finally understood. The Chinese boy, who poured the Black and White so delicately and who put a light narcotic in the twelfth glass when the drinkers were no longer able to discern the true taste of whisky, was simply a member of the Hsinking household. And so, my friends, do you not think that our Intelligence Service is as good as the British?'

V

When M. Pierre Lyautey was received by General Koiso, the latter was chief of the General Staff of the Kwangtung Army. In fact, he was its brains and brawn. General Koiso said to his French guest, 'Never did a regiment start out on the road unless it was preceded or accompanied by Intelligence Officers.' This sentence tells the whole story of Japanese policies in China. The Japanese Manchurian army is held in reserve and is used only in emergency, for its presence is sufficient. For the passive conquest of China—it is now a question of North China—the Intelligence Service, directed by Major General Doihara, is the chosen weapon.

The Intelligence Service of the Kwangtung Army plays an especially important rôle. It prepares the conquest of China methodically and minutely, for it would like to transform the country into a vast Manchukuo. Its agents are innumerable and may be found everywhere, not only in China but in all Asiatic countries where Chinese communities are important and powerful. Thus, the British colony of Hong Kong, the most advanced bastion of Europe in the China seas, is the object of particular solicitude. And the Japanese Intelligence Service has not neglected to investigate the Philippine Islands. In the Dutch East Indies as well as in British India, the curiosity of the Kwangtung Intelligence Service is not hypothetical; it is there to be felt and seen. The Malacca Peninsula and Singapore are carefully watched every moment. In Asia, the British Intelligence Service is strongly handicapped by its Japanese competitor.

In the first place, there is the racial question. No matter how well disguised an Englishman may be, it is difficult for him to look exactly like a Chinese, whereas a great many Japanese look exactly like their Chinese brothers, though a certain number, of course, are quite different. The Chinese and Japanese belong to the same race: that's a strong advantage.

There is also the question of language. And, though this problem constitutes a serious obstacle for the Japanese themselves, it raises an impassable barrier before the British. The recruiting of Hsinking Intelligence Service agents is complicated because so few Japanese living in Japan know how to write the Chinese language even when they use Chinese characters. For Chinese syntax is the exact opposite of the Japanese. Really educated Japanese know how to read

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Chinese but writing it is another matter. With regard to speech, the difficulty is even greater. The Chinese language is monosyllabic, the Japanese is not. Furthermore, the northern Chinese do not understand the southern or even the western Chinese, so that the Intelligence Service agents, especially those occupying subordinate positions, are recruited among the Japanese born in China of parents who have lived there for one generation. These young men have attended Japanese schools, in which the study of Chinese is required.

VI

Professional officers, however, constitute the cadres of this special organization. But—and this point should be stressed—a certain number of Buddhist priests have been gladly admitted. Buddhist priests in Japan are required to know Chinese, at least the written language, and, generally speaking, they are well versed in Chinese culture. Their knowledge of Buddhist doctrine, moreover, has its use, for in many sections of China the Buddhist priests still exercise a powerful influence, from which their Japanese colleagues may draw benefit.

The superior agents of this service do more than go on study, information, and spying missions. The task of informing is often reserved for novices or subordinate agents. There are greater things to do in China. For instance, there are consciences to buy, which is a more delicate task, and sometimes—last February, for instance—Major General Doihara himself travels for this type of operation.

There are also incidents to create, which is less simple than one may believe, for one must take into account the natural suspicion of the Chinese. We have heard it said that it was sometimes necessary to organize bandit raids in order to provoke a Japanese intervention that was prepared in advance. And who will ever be able to explain certain incursions of Communist bandits without taking Japanese interests into account? Finally, there are cases when the supreme chief of the Intelligence Service deliberately, but with what pangs, sends one of his officers to his death. The latter knows the fate that awaits him. He accepts it with joy, with joy equal to his chief's regret.

Read the following lines, for they tell a long story. They are taken from the famous Lytton report, the most remarkable recent work on the Far East:—

'Captain Shintaro Nakamura was a Japanese officer in active service, and, as the Japanese Government has since admitted, he was entrusted with a mission by the Japanese army. When he stopped at Harbin, where the Chinese authorities examined his passport, he declared he was an agricultural expert. He was then told that the region in which he planned to travel was infested with bandits, and a note to that effect was inscribed on his passport.' (Report of the Study Commission, page 69.)

On June 9 Captain Nakamura left the railroad station; he was assassinated about June 27th. The army that had sent Captain Nakamura to his death made several declarations through the Japanese press, saying that the Nakamura affair would have to be settled by force since there was no other alternative. That was the conquest of Manchuria.

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VII

The speech that Vice Admiral Imamura made on May 21, 1932, in a secret gathering of Japanese residents in Sydney throws a clear light on the goal of the Japanese Intelligence Service in China. The speech was carefully prepared. When the author delivered it, he remarked that the text was strictly confidential:—

'We have decided to launch a political campaign that will prevent the Chinese from acquiring sufficient knowledge to enable them to develop their national industries and that will, at the same time, gradually transform Japanese industry on the basis of the latest technical and scientific discoveries. In achieving this goal, we may call upon British experts, who will help us in this task of reconstructing Japanese national industries. Consequently, we ask you, our compatriots, to devote all your energy to your country's profit and to remain in close contact with your consul, who will always be very grateful to you for any information that you may be able to give him.'

Thus Japan aims to enslave China commercially by standing in the way of its industrialization. But, in order to impose its will and maintain it, Japan has to get a firm hold on China and forbid it to use those prerogatives that any independent state may justly invoke. But let no such small thing stand in the way! Chinese independence has little weight.

In order to reduce China to the desired status, Japan has at its disposal the method used by the Intelligence Service of the Kwangtung Army, which consists in gnawing away China, province by province. This method brings considerable profit. Japanese goods, in so far as Hopei is concerned, penetrate through the north without paying import duties and thus compete disloyally with European and American products, also cutting considerably the revenue from seaport duties, which are used to pay off foreign loans.

There is also the Saito method, which that astonishing Ambassador explained in the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* on December 11, 1934: 'If we think that it is necessary for Far Eastern peace, we will swallow North China, no matter what attitude the other Powers may assume. Moreover, Japan will pursue the policy that it believes necessary for the organization of the Far East according to the Japanese plan, even if it means war with Great Britain and the United States, without taking into account the whims of these two nations.'

That, we should say, is abundantly clear.

II. Opium in China

By a China Correspondent

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

IT HAS become commonplace to see in the morning paper that at Nanking, or Peking, or elsewhere several human beings have been executed for breaking the new rules about opium and narcotics. Usually the victims are

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registered addicts, who after official treatment were discharged as cured but were afterward caught indulging again, a lapse for which the penalty is death.

During the past few months hundreds have thus lost their lives, including police and other officials and even women. The law of the land forbids cultivation, transportation, and consumption of opium (medical use excepted) and also forbids traffic in and use of narcotics, and for breaches of it there are appropriate penalties. This is the law applied in the Chinese Courts in the foreign concessions, but across the boundaries separating them from Chinese territory new rules are in operation, and, where in the one place an offender may be fined or get a week or two in jail, in the adjacent courts in Shanghai and elsewhere in China a similar offender is consigned to eternity by a squad of riflemen—barbarous punishment inflicted with the humanitarian object of discouraging a soul-destroying habit.

The taste for opium and its derivatives is a heavy handicap on China. In several of the western provinces, where poppy is widely grown and cheap to buy, many millions habitually take the drug, and of these a considerable proportion are slaves to it and become physical wrecks. In the far interior the transport of merchandise and the carrying of travelers in chairs require enormous numbers of coolies, who march between 20 and 35 miles daily, competition compelling them to exert themselves to the limit. At every halt the coolies have a few puffs of opium, and it is amazing to see how a party of men, dropping from exhaustion, can, after resort to this wonderful drug, resume the journey vigorously and cheerfully. They become decayed old men long before their time. Their womenfolk, with miserable homes and insufficient sustenance, look to the opium for solace and give it to their children to keep them quiet.

Such poor people cannot afford enough of the drug to become the incurable addicts who sink wretchedly into the grave, but as families they live haggardly and breed progeny that lower the physical standards of whole provinces. Opium is a blessed remedy for those in pain, and only those who have been relieved by it can know how supremely efficacious it is; but to become dependent on it is to lose control of body and soul.

II

Over twenty years ago, when the opium agitation was at its height in China, the government policy of suppressing cultivation came near complete success. The British Government had agreed that the Indian import traffic should be reduced step by step and ended in ten years, *pari passu* with China's estimated reduction of cultivation within the same period. Soon after signature of the agreement Great Britain, however, recognized the great progress made by China and washed her hands of the traffic altogether by decreeing its abolition eight years before the date agreed upon.

'Young China'—the infinitesimal proportion that had imbibed foreign education—was frantic with delight, and to all appearances opium for China was a discarded habit never to be resumed. Unhappily one of the evils following the Revolution of 1911 was the growth of militarism, a condi-

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tion arising from the disappearance of the Manchu administrative system and its supersession by military governors in the provinces.

Their wars and the state of military rivalry that succeeded them required a great deal of money, difficult to obtain from an impoverished population by ordinary taxation. The policy of promoting the growth of opium soon became almost universal, and great profit was derived from taxing cultivation and the finished product in transit to the wealthy cities of the coast. After the signature of the Agreement, opium had become scarce and expensive, but the taste for the drug remained, and in recent years production and consumption have been as great as ever.

In effect, the main source of revenue of some of the provinces has long been opium, and it is an outstanding fact that the regional independence so frequently manifested in the civil warfare of recent times was rendered possible owing to the existence of the revenue derived from opium. The Nanking Government from its inception has been the declared enemy of opium, yet the official suppression bureaux established by the government have been used as agencies for collecting taxation on opium and for promoting the traffic in it.

It has never been officially denied that, during 1934, $100,000,000 of taxes on opium was collected on the Yangtze alone by official bureaux. The opium traffic from Yünnan to Kwangtung pays Kwangsi Province annually for transit dues an account officially stated to be $18,000,000 but known to be much larger. It would be a waste of time to dilate on the evidence of the present extent of drug traffic, already thoroughly exposed at Geneva, though surprisingly denied by the Chinese representative there.

III

Most deplorably, the almost unlimited supply of opium available has led to a sinister development of the business of extracting narcotics from the raw article. In the International Settlement at Shanghai the police have recently discovered numerous plants for the refinement of opium into cocaine, morphine, and heroin. The opium sometimes already treated with acetic acid comes from the interior and goes through the ether and other refining processes resulting in the products named, which may be used locally but are often shipped abroad in large quantities.

In adjacent Chinese territory opium can be purchased openly. Shops supplying it give to buyers cards with their names and addresses. Where the original opium is officially permitted, the refining factories doubtless operate but apparently prefer to work secretly in foreign territory in order to escape the heavy taxation imposed outside.

At various points in the interior, especially in Hunan Province, it is notorious that narcotics are being produced on a large scale. Such operations cannot have escaped official notice. Manufacture is, in fact, either directly official or officially sanctioned in return for payment. There is an unlimited supply of opium in China, and no effective law to prevent its sale, even in so enlightened an area as Greater Shanghai, or its refinement on an unlimited scale into the most dangerous of narcotics. Competent observers regard the foreign manufac-

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ture of narcotics as being already eclipsed by that of China, and they believe that the grand source of world supply in the future will be not in the Levant but in the Far East, with the near neighbors of this country duly contributing.

IV

Last summer, however, there occurred a remarkable change in consequence of General Chiang Kai-shek's announcement that opium affairs were taken over by his Military Commission and that in the future all breaches of his regulations would be dealt with by military courts. Ten provinces, Honan, Hupeh, Anhwei, Kiangsu, Hunan, Chekiang, Kiangsi, Fukien, Shensi, and Kansu, were ordered to suppress cultivation entirely. Civil authorities were warned that neglect would lead to the severest penalties. The military authorities were ordered to enforce the rules and ensure the punishment of offenders. These announcements passed almost unnoticed by foreigners, but it soon became evident that there was a new spirit behind them, as was proved by frequent executions and by the surprising diligence of the provinces named in stamping out cultivation and taking measures to restrict consumption.

It should be noted that the Nanking Government did not sponsor the new policy. There appears to be no authority for its application other than that of the Generalissimo himself. The old opium laws continue to be applied by the Chinese Courts in the foreign concessions. Yet, wherever the Government is in control, the new rules have superseded the national laws and are being severely applied. The Generalissimo declared that China must be free of opium within six years. Having taken steps to enforce his policy in the ten provinces mentioned, he has now extended the same ruling to Szechwan and Kweichow, two of the most opium-ridden provinces and responsible for the major part of the volume of opium reaching the coast. He has further warned Yünnan that it will have to follow suit.

The new opium policy has created dismay in the opium-producing provinces. For them the opium taxes have been the biggest item of revenue. If these taxes are abolished, financial confusion must ensue. The notably well-managed province of Kwangsi exists almost solely on the heavy transit taxes on opium. Provincial troops stationed up and down the Yangtze have been maintained largely on the opium and other irregular taxation imposed on shipping. Provincial troops in Kansu exist on what they get from opium, and the same can be said of the troops in sections of other provinces. The ramifications of the traffic are indeed endless. It is possible that the aggregate of taxes collected from opium equals the total of the national revenue, but in no budget, national or provincial, is there ever mentioned any amount derived from opium. Of the hundreds of millions collected the Chinese themselves say that little is used for public purposes and that by far the greater proportion goes into private pockets.

V

The Chinese view of the Generalissimo's opium policy was that his object was to monopolize the drug by forbidding the production in a number of provinces and then to control and

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tax the movement of what was grown in the remaining three producing provinces. That interpretation, however, is not confirmed by subsequent developments. The producing provinces have been ordered to cease cultivation, while the actual consumption of opium in the western provinces is being drastically reduced. Reliable foreign witnesses, for instance, report that 1,800 opium dens in Chungking have been closed, and similar reports come from other centres.

General Chiang Kai-shek's policy, apart from the moral object of eradicating a pernicious habit, is evidently to strike at the revenue that has fostered provincial militarism. If opium is killed, the power to resist centralization will be reduced. Profits from opium have increased corruption, which the 'New Life' movement aims at correcting. The principal obstacle to the success of the policy lies in the fact that the interests affected will inevitably be obstructive, either openly or secretly. The power to overcome opposition depends upon the strength of character shown by the Generalissimo and the degree of force, material as well as moral, that he can bring to bear. His army hitherto has not shone against the Communists, largely because physical circumstances and other conditions are heavily against it.

Will the southwestern provinces combine to resist this damaging intrusion into their internal affairs just when the army is busily endeavoring to eliminate the elusive but dangerous Communists? Could Chiang's army fight the southwestern provinces as well as maintain the campaign against the Communists? Chiang Kai-shek at present is certainly the biggest force in China, and his career is well worth watching. Upon his efforts greatly depends whether China is to become a stable country managing her own affairs or a pawn in the political arena of the Far East.

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Persons and Personages

Archduke Otto

By P. Q. R.

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THE recent decision of the Austrian Government to repeal the ban imposed in 1919 upon the residence in the country of the Hapsburg 'Pretender' and his immediate family and to restore to them some of the property then confiscated may well 'carry a lad that is born to be king' a step nearer toward his throne. For monarchy is on the up-grade, and the march of events has considerably increased the possibility that Franz Joseph Otto Robert Maria Anton Karl Max Heinrich Sixtus Xavier Felix Renatus Ludwig Gaetan Pius Ignatius von Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria and heir to the thousand-year-old crown of Charlemagne, will one day reign in the place of his ancestors.

When that day comes, it will find a young man ready to grasp the opportunity and prepared to take up the burden of kingship. From the earliest moment of his life and even before his period of exile began, when he was still a child, the Archduke Otto has been brought up as the heir to the oldest monarchy in the world, and, when the revolution of 1918 forced his family to take up residence outside Austria, this process of instruction was in no way relaxed. It has become intensified since the death of his father, the Emperor Karl, at Madeira in 1923 made him the recognized 'Pretender' to the Hapsburg throne.

As a result there now lives at the Château of Steenknockezeel, outside Brussels, a young man of twenty-three, who is sparing no effort to qualify himself in every way possible for the great moment, which he is confident is not far distant, when he will be called to take up the heritage of his family and the government of his people.

The young Archduke starts with a good deal in his favor. He is handsome, witty, and charming, and his magnetic personality, once given a chance to make itself known, will mean strength for the monarchist cause in Austria. For few legitimist parties have been so fortunate in their candidate. Speaking English, French, German, Italian, and Hungarian fluently, the Archduke has sought to keep in touch not only with the current events of those countries over which he hopes one day to rule but also with the whole of Europe, with the result that he has developed a system that has made him one of the best-informed young men on the Continent. Nor is his information restricted to events of high

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politics. More trivial items of news also interest him. He notes with amusement that one of the most prominent leaders of Nazi Germany has earned the nickname of 'Wotan's Mickey Mouse'; and he is acquainted with the current political anecdotes of most European countries.

Mature beyond his years and already a little subdued by the prospect of the responsibilities that he may one day have to shoulder, the Archduke combines the dignity of his position with a kind of youthful eagerness to learn of any new event in any country. Though he is the 'Emperor' to all at Steenknockezeel, court etiquette is reduced to a minimum, and the visitor finds a warm welcome and a desire that conversation shall be as informal as possible. The Archduke talks well, and his questions indicate at once the knowledge that prompts them; no half-answers satisfy him, he wishes to know all the facts.

In forming his opinions and shaping his future plans, the Archduke is developing an independence of judgment that is surprising in one of his age. The old influences, which were so valuable to him in his early years and to which he owes so many of his excellent qualities, are being replaced more and more by his own views and ideas, formed after consultation with his advisers both at home and abroad and as a result of the great mass of informative material that he is continually receiving. In fact, the heir of the Hapsburgs has grown up. He is no longer a boy subject to parental influences but a young prince who has crossed the threshold of manhood and who likes to make up his mind for himself.

And his views are sound. If they are ever put into practice, Europe will be surprised at the breadth of vision revealed in the policies that have been prepared against the day when they will be needed. Some idea of them may be gained from the theses prepared by the Archduke when, as Duke of Bar, he recently took his doctor's degree at the University of Louvain. The views expressed therein were modern and progressive and smacked not at all of the musty dogmas of the Hofburg. Constant study of current national and international affairs combined with a sound grounding in their historical background has given the Archduke Otto a grasp of the situation, both in his own country and abroad, that will serve him well one day.

However, he does not by any means neglect the lighter pastimes. He plays a good game of lawn-tennis, rides well and fearlessly, and is fond of music. He has a keen sense of humor and tells a story with point and relish, and there is sometimes a pungency about his discussion of certain political subjects that greatly pleases.

Many and serious obstacles still remain to be overcome before the Archduke reigns in Vienna, but these have been materially lessened by the recent political events in Europe. The success of the camouflaged

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Nazi party of Herr Henlein in the Czech election has perhaps influenced Dr. Beneš to reconsider his previous preference for a Nazi rather than a Hapsburg Austria and to modify his opposition to a return of the imperial family. The possible preoccupation of Italy in Abyssinia has caused the opponents of an Austro-German National-Socialist Anschluss to become reconciled to a Hapsburg restoration as an alternative solution of the Austrian problem, and it is even rumored that, in his anxiety to check German expansion, M. Litvinov has joined the ranks of restoration supporters.

For these and other reasons the Archduke Otto is justified in regarding his prospects as being more hopeful than at any time since his exile began. Already more than three hundred Austrian townships have conferred upon him their honorary citizenships, and there is little doubt that his return to Austria as a private citizen would be the signal for a considerable addition to this number.

The Austrian people are essentially non-political by nature and are content to be governed and let alone. The Archduke believes that he alone can give them the kind of government that they really desire. He is anxious, however, that the movement both for his return and his restoration shall be spontaneous and voluntary. It must emanate from the people as a whole and must not be the political slogan of any one party.

History is crowded with instances in which Austria has emerged triumphant from darkest despair and direst defeat, and it may yet be that her ultimate salvation lies in the restoration of the monarchy.

Joseph Djugashvili: alias Stalin

By Pierre Frédérix

Translated from the *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Political and Literary Weekly

JOSEPH DJUGASHVILI: 'Height: 5 feet, 5 inches. Weight: medium. Age: twenty-three years. External appearance: ordinary. Hair: dark brown. Beard and moustache: brown. Nose: aquiline and long. Face: long, tanned, and pockmarked.'

Such is the description of the man who was later to adopt the name of Stalin, the 'man of steel.' It comes from the pen of a Batum colonel of police and was written in the spring of 1902.

Stalin was born in Georgia the same year as Trotski and some twelve years after Lenin. His mother was a peasant and his father a shoemaker. When he was fifteen years old, his mother sent him to the Greek Orthodox seminary in Tiflis. He left the seminary in 1898, not as a priest but as

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a Social Democrat; and shortly thereafter he joined a Workers' Circle. Socialist propaganda, demonstrations, prison, exile in Siberia, first escape in January, 1904, and first personal contact with Lenin at a Bolshevist conference (Menshevism had appeared two years previously), then Finland in December, 1905. About that time the Caucasian *Boiéviki* began their Anarchist-Communist exploits—murder of government officials and armed expropriation of public or even private funds. During the month of October, 1906, there were a hundred and twenty-one terrorist acts, forty-seven conflicts with the police, and three hundred and sixty-two executions. In Tiflis, on June 26, 1907, a carriage belonging to the Treasury was bombed on the main square and robbed of 340,000 rubles, a certain number of which were found in the possession of Litvinov when he was arrested in Paris the next year. Likewise, in Poland Pilsudski's Socialists and rivals of the Social Democrats attacked policemen, soldiers, and railroad stations. In the light of these events it is difficult to understand the mystery that still envelops this part of Stalin's life. Pilsudski himself 'worked' on the attack of a postal train on September 27, 1908. Though Stalin did not appear in any incident, it is impossible to assume that he did not pull some strings. We know that he has physical courage. But perhaps he thought it wiser to remain in the background.

Second contact with Lenin at the Stockholm Congress in 1906, third contact in London, 1907. In January, 1912, while Trotski calls a Social-Democratic conference, Lenin calls another at Prague, assumes congressional power, and names a central committee, destined to become the Central Committee of the Bolshevist Party. This committee had seven members and invited two others by general consent. Stalin was one of the two supplementary members.

'Unknown to the Party, of which he was the instrument, he became its leader by the will of the other leaders. Never was he elected. Stalin is a product of the Party, developed under its tutelage—a product of the Party reduced to a fraction of itself and incarnated in him.'

Until he could become master of the U. S. S. R., he returned to Russia, where he received 'a salary of fifty rubles a month,' in the language of a contemporary police report. In 1913 he was once more sent to Siberia, where he remained until February, 1917. The Revolution gave him his freedom. He returned to Petrograd at about the same time as Lenin. In October, 1917, he was appointed by the Central Committee to the Collegium of the Five to direct the military side of the insurrection. He was also named to the Politburo with Lenin, Trotski, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Sokolnikov, and Bubnov. He then belonged to the General Staff of Bolshevism. Ten years later he was to be master of all the Russias.

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April, 1926. The Central Committee admits that industrialization is its principal task and prescribes 'discipline directed by the plan' as a remedy to disorder. But Stalin continues to oppose the super-industrialists of the Trotskiite Left. Dnieprostroï? You might as well buy phonographs for mujiks who need to have their plows mended. 'One might invest twice as much in industrial development, but the tempo of this development would become so rapid that we could not support it. We could double our imports, but it would sap our monetary supply. We could force exportation, but that would inevitably produce serious complications in the cities by raising the price of agricultural products immensely and decreasing salaries. Artificially organized famine with all its complications would follow.' In other words, Stalin defends wisdom and the peasant against the opposition. Trotski, hissed in the streets of Moscow on November 7, 1927, is exiled in January, 1928. Stalin remains master alone.

It is now the turn of the 'Right defeatists.' In September, 1928, Bukharin publishes his *Remarks of an Economist*, in which he suggests that the tempo of industrialization should not be excessive. At this time there are a half dozen variants of the first Five-year Plan (it was first put into effect in 1929). None of them, however, alludes to the creation of a metallurgical and coal base in the Siberian Urals, on which the Soviet Government concentrated its efforts after 1930. But Stalin sees that the resistance of the peasants continues and that it is impossible to feed the industrial centres. In order to break this resistance, it is necessary to industrialize the countryside and to equip the peasants with tools. They must have tractors, steel, petroleum, therefore equipment and factories—it all goes together. There is a rapid change of front. Lenin's old *leitmotif* is taken up by the Central Committee in November, 1928, and turned against Bukharin and his associates. 'We must overtake and surpass the advanced countries, or else we perish. We must either go forward full speed or die.'

The NEP will not be suppressed, but the kulak (well-to-do peasant) class will have to go. Did the super-industrialists in 1928 and 1929 want to invest 1,320 millions of rubles in socialist industry? Stalin demands 1,650 million. The famous shock brigades are formed in March, 1929. In May the plan for 1928–1932, which had been already more or less put into effect, was approved by the Council of Commissars. 1929 was the great turning-point.

No matter what opinion one may hold as to the rôle he played, Lenin was an integral realist. He had no illusions about the merits of the Party or the extent of material catastrophes. In November, when he had to face the conditions of Brest-Litovsk, which Trotski rejected, he brutally declared, 'If you do not sign, you will sign the death warrant of the

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Soviet Power three weeks hence . . . We must accept.' Likewise, to save power rather than doctrine, he later proclaimed the NEP Plan. Stalin, who was also a realist, deserved to be Lenin's heir far more than the idealist Trotski, far more than any other man, no doubt.

IN THE Caucasus, until the end of the 1907 terrorist operations, he remained in the shadow. Did he write anything from 1907 to 1912? If so, there is no trace of it to-day. We have only two or three articles written at the beginning of 1913 during his stay in Cracow and Vienna with Lenin. And it is probable that Stalin wrote these articles at Lenin's request. Nothing in Siberia from 1913 to 1917. Nothing from February to October, 1917. When Stalin assumed power, he had neither compromised himself nor worn himself out by sharp dispute, unlike almost all his colleagues. 'In the Central Committee,' a witness writes, 'he made the impression of a grayish spot; and I was not the only one to feel this.' And it is undeniable that this impression was deliberate, for Stalin hated people who talked too much. 'At the Commissariat,' another witness says, 'when he was tired, he went away, saying, "I am just going out for a minute." But he would never return.'

He himself spoke very little. In this Revolution, in which Lenin invented everything, in which Trotski magnetized and aroused the mob, according to M. Boris Souvarine's very accurate expression (*Stalin*. Paris: Plon. 1935), 'Stalin was the punctual, diligent, and rigorous organizer, the energetic and sure executive.' His missions were not as brilliant as Trotski's, whose name is everywhere associated with the Reds' victories. Outside the restricted circles of official politics, he remained unknown for several more years. He did not like crowded assemblies, for he had better things than that—his prudence, his peasant wisdom, and the friendship of Lenin, whose side he always supported. Stalin also has his place in the Politburo, which is the supreme executive of the Soviet Power, and since 1922 he has been secretary of the Party.

The most interesting parts of Souvarine's book are those that describe the erection of the Party apparatus on the ruins of the old Russian administration and the installation of Stalin at the helm. 'The secretary himself appoints the secretaries of the provincial committees, who in turn choose the secretaries of subordinate committees, and so on down. Thus, a hierarchy of secretaries is formed, an apparatus of secretaries, a psychology of secretaries.'

Elsewhere, M. Souvarine says, 'The guiding thought of the régime is crystallized in an oversimplified and rather mystic opinion, which maintains that the interests of humanity are represented exclusively by an ideal proletariat, that the proletariat is represented by a predestined Party, the Party by a transcendent Central Committee, and the Central

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Committee by its Politburo. In his rôle as secretary, Stalin was able to consider himself the pivot of the Soviet system, a miniature Russian model of the future universal socialist republic, and to regard the Party as identical with the State and the immanent dictatorship as incarnated in an immovable oligarchy recruited at the will of the older members.' An opposition view, one will say, but the facts are there.

In four years, from 1924 to 1928, Stalin and those who obeyed him became the sole masters of Lenin's heritage. A five-vote majority in the Politburo against Trotski, then a three-vote majority against Zinoviev and Kamenev. By changing the personnel, the irremovable secretary is able to transform himself into a sort of consul for life.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to give a résumé of so rich and diverse a matter. On the eve of the October revolution, the Bolshevist organization included 250,000 members. In 1927, the Party counted 1,200,000 members and applicants, half of whom were civil servants, workers in syndicalist administrations, or institutions controlled by the Party; the other half were employed in industry. To-day the total has risen to three million, applicants included, plus five million youth groups. The base has broadened. But at the top of the apparatus the controlling power remains concentrated. The Trotskiite exiles still speak of the Stalinist 'Thermidor.' Stalin speaks of 'monolithism,' which means that nothing has the right to rise up beside the official-ideology bloc, which Stalin carefully moves on the chessboard of political power.

Portrait of an Impostor

By Dr. Erwin Stranik

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin National-Socialist Daily

THERE is probably no one who has caused more hearty laughter in Austria than Ignatz Strassnoff, the impostor. Not that the exploits of this man, who loved to pass himself off as an officer of aristocratic rank or a high government official, can be excused by this laughter. Strassnoff's moral attributes fully justified the fifteen-year prison sentence that interrupted his career of dissembling. This handsome, well-built man, with his black, parted hair, monocled right eye, long, slender face, sharp, slightly bent nose, and thin beardless lip, used to provide a subject for conversation of perennial interest in all the houses of the great Austrian Empire. For his adventures proved what everyone suspected, that the stupidity which the aristocrats loved to attribute to the common people actually held an honored place in their own circles. To indulge the vanity of their blessed ego they were wont to employ the most

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objectionable methods in the pursuit of petty honors. Eagerness for names, titles, even famous people seemed to charm their lives.

As one turns the numerous pages of the 'Strassnoff case,' one is strongly tempted to regard the record as a none-too-happy contribution to the cultural history of a past epoch. From the very first chapter, the life of this impostor pointedly comments on the old world, where parliamentary governments still ruled. At the beginning of his checkered career we find Strassnoff in the service of a man who was running as a candidate on the Independent ticket in the Hungarian parliamentary elections. At the time this election was held, the Government Party had its own representative 'safely in the saddle.' And even on the very day of the election it seemed that he was likely to retain his seat.

The Independents are dismayed. They drag the sick and crippled to the polls, but they are unable to stir up enough votes to allow them a fighting chance. At this point it occurs to Strassnoff that the Ofen ship factory has deliberately neglected to give its workers an election holiday because it wants to keep them out of the clutches of the fighting parties. Coming to an immediate decision, Strassnoff telephones the head of the factory. 'Hello, this is the Department of the Interior calling. I want you to know that the victory of the Government Party is absolutely certain. The Minister here is aware of the fact that, for political reasons, you have neglected to give your workers time to vote. It is clear that they would vote for the opposition. But now no added opposition votes can disturb our victory. So you might just as well release your employees for the day. It will look better, and, in any event, it can do us no harm.'

The director naturally obliges. A few minutes later, a gentleman from the Ministry appears (it is naturally Strassnoff himself) to make certain that instructions have been carried out. The workers, of course, betake themselves immediately to the polls, and their four hundred votes give a last-minute victory to the Independents.

But the greatest period in Strassnoff's career began when he gained connections with the highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church. As a starter he used the first primate of Hungary, at whose home he presented himself on 'a most urgent and important mission' as First Lieutenant Prince P. The primate's secretary tried in vain to discourage this unexpected visit. Strassnoff screamed at him angrily, 'One would think this were the first time I had ever visited His Eminence. Or do you think I ought to pass the time of day with *you* before I see him?'

This worked. With a deep bow, the secretary disappeared, and a few moments later, Prince P. stood before the high prelate. He told some story of gambling debts, of the obligations of his high office, and of personal reasons why it was not at the time convenient to request money from home. In short, the prelate understood and gladly complied with

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the aristocrat's request for a loan of eight hundred kronen. How could he, after all, deny a Prince?

The success of this adventure encouraged Strassnoff to extend his exploits to wider circles. While in Paris Strassnoff learns from his friend Dora, another member of the ring of international impostors, that the Archbishop of Paris, to whose inner sanctum a trusted chaplain has led her, is more interested in the charms of her body than in the welfare of her soul. On the very next day, an Hungarian 'count' is announced to His Eminence. He accuses the bishop of misbehavior with Dora and threatens him with exposure for defiling this highborn lady. To avoid a scandal, the bishop is glad to part with an envelope, thick with banknotes.

A short time later, the Archbishop of Paris was sent to Vienna as Emissary of the Pope. In his wake followed Dora, who had resumed her relations with the churchman and, of course, with Strassnoff. Both demanded and received frequent payment for their friendship. Dora also made use of her connection with the archbishop to do a little espionage work. She knew immediately of any change to be made in any of the Austro-Hungarian bishoprics. On this information, she and Strassnoff managed to build their unbelievably cunning plans. As soon as he had assembled all necessary material, Strassnoff started in.

One morning 'His Excellency, the Bishop of Neutra' receives a telegram apprising him of the intended visit of Minister V., who has been ordered to confer with him on a most important matter. As you may have guessed, the important Minister is Strassnoff. He descends from his first-class carriage and accompanies the waiting secretary in a sumptuous automobile to the residence of the bishop. The guards at the gate greet him with the salute of honor. Hardly are they face-to-face when the prelate cries out joyfully, 'My dear nephew, how do you do? I am so glad that you have finally decided to visit your old uncle.' Without knowing it, Strassnoff had chosen the name of one of the bishop's relatives, his nephew Geza!

Everything seems to be lost. The bishop remarks that his nephew has changed considerably, in fact, he is hardly recognizable. But Strassnoff's sharp wits come to the rescue. 'What,' he excitedly asks, 'don't you remember me? Then it must be true what people say in Vienna, that you have lost your mind. You are lucky that it is I who have been trusted with the mission of investigating these rumors. Because of them, some people think it advisable for you to have a controller for your administration.'

Of course, the Bishop of Neutra is horrified that the Vienna nuncio should entertain such suspicions. He wants to prove that he is as young and reasonable as ever. So he recognizes Geza, feature by feature, and

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finally, with the aid of his supposed nephew, he devises a plan whereby the appointment of such a control can be stopped. But Strassnoff insists that that can be done only through bribery. Of course, he himself would not think of taking a cent, but his services are placed entirely at the bishop's disposal. The bishop unlocks his safe and gives his nephew a package of a thousand kronen banknotes with which to bribe the Austrian officials. The monstrosity of this deceit can be fully appreciated only when one recalls that the old Austrian officials were peculiarly impervious to bribery.

THIS adventure went off so well that Strassnoff decided to try it again with the Bishop of Steinamanger. And again the unbelievable happened. For the highest political official of the district happened to know the real Minister V. They served together once in the Ministry. The official is astonished, on meeting his old friend, to find him so changed, but he accepts him without the slightest suspicion. Together they celebrate their reunion and wile away happy hours in reminiscences. Therefore the archbishop believes Strassnoff immediately when he tells him that the nuncio of Vienna is thinking of transferring him from the bishopric of Steinamanger to the much poorer one of Nagyvarad. They are not satisfied with the archbishop because he shows too little liberality. But—and here Strassnoff becomes very confidential—may he, as an old friend of the bishop, suggest that many things can be accomplished at the 'Holy Throne' with money? He himself would be glad to use his influence in that direction if the bishop should decide to supply the means. His Excellency takes the hint. Again a package of nice, new, thousand-kronen banknotes changes hands. Then suddenly a telegram from the Ministry (sent by Dora) calls the representative back to his work in Vienna.

But this time Strassnoff's luck failed him. The official of the district of his last exploit soon had business in Vienna. One of his first visits was paid to his friend in the Ministry. Imagine his astonishment to find himself greeting a total stranger! The impostor is exposed, and Strassnoff is sentenced to thirty-three months in prison. Peculiarly enough he was not required to return the money he claimed the bishop had given him as a 'gift.' When his prison term had been completed, the court handed the notes back to him.

And so ended Strassnoff's career as an impostor. Grown old, he writes the memoirs of his exciting life. 1932 finds him on the stage of Budapest acting the principal rôle in a play built around his own past. But the authorities could not tolerate the reminder of these misdeeds. They threw him out of Budapest, and since then not a word has been heard of him.

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A Nazi writes a typical anti-Semitic diatribe; a German Jew voices a plea; a Communist brings news of the Nazis' ingenious cruelty; a respected German waxes Hellenic over the Olympic Games. Readers may draw their own conclusions.

A NAZI Nosegay

'Dokumente der Zeit'

I. The Enemy in the Land

By Fritz Brand

Translated from the *Stürmer*, Nürnberg National-Socialist Anti-Semitic Weekly

THE enemy is in the land! Wherever this cry is heard it strikes fear and horror in the hearts of the people. Everyone knows what it means. Everyone knows, too, that he must do his utmost to defend and protect his country, his home, and his family against the enemy. In the past, no matter how strong the enemy may have been, he could still be overcome because he was an honorable enemy and fought with open weapons.

Much, much worse is that unseen foe, that wolf in sheep's clothing, that plague that lurks in the shadows—namely, the Jew. He is much more dangerous than the open enemy who has the courage to say, 'I am out to conquer you.' The Jew works in the dark. He is the most dangerous enemy of all non-Jewish peoples. He has had, since olden days, a criminal and lying God, who gave him promises like this: 'You shall gobble up all the peoples of the earth.' This God also sanctioned a book, written by rabbis and containing laws of criminal practice, known to us as the Talmud. This criminal book, still in honored use, describes to the Jews every possible

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means by which Christendom can be destroyed. The Jew is the sworn enemy of everything Christian. By the most imaginative use of the fighting methods taught him in the Talmud, he has learned how to attack the non-Jewish people in their most vital spot. Wherever the Jew comes, he poses as the Christians' friend and well-wisher. He likes to do business with Christians, so that he can betray, cheat, and destroy them. He has driven many of them to ruin; yes, even to death!

Moreover, the Jew commands all his devilish talents to fool the non-Jew, to dishonor and shame him, and even to infect him with his virus. He knows that in this way he can most quickly destroy a nation. While he himself daily thanks his Maker that he has not created him a '*Goi*,' he prays with every possible prayer that God should put the '*Goyim*' in his hand. His religion orders the Jew to curse the hated *Goi* three times daily, when he says the '*Schmono Esra*,' a prayer which goes, 'May they all (by 'all' he means all non-Jews) rot, perish; and may those who resist be cast down and destroyed in our lifetime.'

The Jewish teaching admonishes the Jew that his goal is to be sole master over 'all the peoples of the Earth.' The Jew believes that the time is not far distant when he shall take over this power. But at the last moment, the German people, whom he had enslaved and brought to ruin, awakened. That which seemed most impossible to the Jew actually happened.

Clear-seeing, wise men among the German people finally managed to tear off the mask of Christian friendliness that the Jew had been wearing. The eyes of the Germans were opened at last, and they began to see through their worst enemy, the Jew. Now that the Jew sees himself more and more defeated in his plan to exterminate Christianity, he prepares himself for his final grand attack on Germany. He tries to arouse the other nations to boycott Germany. As his thanks to a nation that harbored him for centuries, the Jew now tries to starve its seventy million inhabitants. He speculates on the pliability and gullibility of other nations and pours his poison into their unsuspecting ears. He tells of deeds of horror that never happened, of the 'enslaving' of German laborers (who are really just freeing themselves from Jewish chains). From his devilish brain he daily manufactures new scandals to stir the nations' hatred against each other. The Jew wants, above all, war. Every week, as the Sabbath ends, the Jew prays, 'Send your lightning, scatter them (he means the Christians); send your arrows, madden them.'

It has almost always been Jews who have stirred up wars. It was a Jew, Bar Kochba, who, under Hadrian's rule, ordered a terrible slaughter of Christians. The Jew Mordecai made a bath of blood by executing 70,000 Persians. One could point to thousands of such horrible incidents in Jewish history.

And now it is the Jew again who refuses to let the German people live and work in peace. He wants the nation to become involved in wars with other people in order that he may see non-Jewish blood spilled.

He knows that the more Christian bodies lie on battlefields, the more gold will flow into his coffers.

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II. Decline of the German Jews

By Dr. Felix A. Theilhaber

Translated from the *Israelitisches Familienblatt*, Berlin Jewish Weekly

IT WAS in the year 1826 that the public-school teacher G. S. Ohm published his curious and out-of-the way book, *The Galvanic Chain Considered Mathematically*. In it he developed fundamental theorems about electricity and showed how one could measure the intensity of an electric current. When he submitted the work to the highschool in the hope of obtaining a teaching appointment with it, it was rejected, and the publisher immediately withdrew the book from sale.

One can actually measure electrical strengths to-day and weigh the sums of electrical resistances. But at the time that Ohm tried to explain to the world these laws of nature, now known to simple electricians, not even skilled physicists understood him.

Therefore, let us not be surprised if many educated people fail to grasp the significance of complicated economic and social occurrences, which are leading to new knowledge, or wonder why it takes so long for 'new truths' to sink into the general consciousness.

For decades I have tried to explain that the destiny of German Jews is threatened by decay: the process to which, shortly after the War, a well-known author applied the catch-phrase 'Decline of the West' is equally pertinent to the development of the German Jews.

The emancipation, with its de-Judaising, destroyed all feeling of common purpose among the Jews. It freed the fate of the individual Jew from that of the community but failed to create new ties to compensate for the loss of the old. To the average Jew, the Jewish community had served a function that could be likened to that of the modern insurance company: in periods of spiritual or economic duress, the Jew could always fall back on the community. There the premiums paid by the heavily insured, so to speak, were used to meet the claims of the distressed.

But Judaism is not a company that insures against misfortunes of every nature; it is not a business organization that extends either loans or credit; it is not a corporation that one may enter or leave at will. Judaism may with justice be called our all-powerful ego. And from this 'incorporated ego' no one can escape, nor will he who attempts it ever find himself there again.

But, for the most part, the German Jews did their best to effect this escape. Like the schoolmaster Ohm, we have long been able to measure the resistance with which the majority of Jews met the loosening of their chains. All we have had to do is to count the numerous intermarriages between Jews and non-Jews, the childless or one-child marriages, and the Jews who never married at all. These people sought to escape the demands of their fate, to deny that individuals exist only as links in the chain.

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Wherever possible, they pursued the road of least resistance. Scarcely ever did they wonder about the fate of their brothers, for their whole interest centred on themselves, their own personal, selfish needs.

As a result, these are the very Jews who now shiver and moan. Yes, they worried, first and always, in every situation, about how they were to lead their small personal lives. Fear of life dictated their every move. And this fear of the German Jews has grown, since 1933, to gigantic proportions.

II

Before me lie figures that point very clearly to the results of the now all-powerful 'Fear of Life,' which governs the majority of Jews in our time. Hessen-Nassau records, in 1934, 40 births in 200 Jewish communities; in other words, one child to every five.

During the past two years in Mannheim, there were 90 deaths but only 12 births among the Jews. So we have no cause to wonder when we are told that in Frankfurt, where 25,000 Jews reside, the birth rate is only one-tenth of what it used to be. Last year, while only 29 male births were recorded there, we learn that 182 Jewish youths received their confirmations (i.e., reached their thirteenth year).

In Bavaria, in the year following the founding of the third Reich, 1,600 children were born to Jewish parents. Now the death rate has risen 50 per cent, whereas the birth rate has fallen to one-seventh of its former figure. Thus, large Jewish communities have recorded one or two births, and some, like Elbing and Heilbronn, show none at all.

Of course, the birth rate has fallen off in all civilized countries. But the well-known symptoms of the Jewish population movement, which the Hessen-Nassau Jewish Provincial Organization reports, point to an abnormal reaction to spiritual and economic poverty, which the German Jews can no longer influence in the ordinary way.

The remedy? We must raise the birth rate to such a point that, even if that high rate cannot endure, it will at least bridge the gap between the present low point and the point that must be maintained if the race is not to die out altogether. This gap cannot easily be bridged. The Jewish communities that lack young, creative intelligence are doomed to eventual extinction.

III

That would be the only logical conclusion if we did not know that state statistics or objective figures do not tell the whole story when they deal with the future of a group of living people. It is important to take into consideration the intensity with which the situation is grasped, the spurring on of the will, the energy of the generation that is destined to bear the burden of the future. And our youth, even now growing into manhood, is not allowing its resolution to be swayed or dictated either by the fear of life or the threat of eternal affliction.

In shaping their lives, in their attitude toward marriage, that convention-bound step, these young people show themselves to be uncomplaining and unconventional. They do not demand, as we, the older generation, did, the security of settled incomes,

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dowries, and the best of living conditions.

IV

Would you call that accidental? No, for it has always been so. Whenever, in Jewish history, external oppression has confronted the inner Jewish movement, which the race has carried with it from times of old, the Jewish community has always managed to gather strength to build a new life. This is as true to-day as it ever was. Hardship has presented German Judaism with an idealistic youth, which, with conscious denial of all softness, will consecrate this new life of the Jew—especially there where new professions, the joys of marriage, the realization of responsibilities, and the security of the future take on their fullest meaning: in the Land of Israel.

These young people have gained an optimistic philosophy about life that has long been foreign to us, who are still bound in Germany. It is our sacred duty, a point of honor with us, to fight for this new youth, for with them the future of German Judaism rests.

Does the sun not shine brightest where the shadows seem most heavy? Then let us, with this in mind, measure the burden that lies heavily on our souls, the hardships that we meet, and the fear of life that consumes us. For, in truth, a youth full of hope and optimism confronts us. All our future lies in the hands of this new youth, now marching on to Judaism.

III. A New Hitler Torture

Translated from *Monde*, Paris Communist Weekly

[*The following document comes to us direct from a group of writers who live and work in the German underground movement.*—Editor, '*Monde.*']

WE APPEAL to you because we are menaced by a new danger of the most serious sort. A new wave of terror rages in Germany. The Brown tyrants, who know no way of escaping from their difficulties, do not confine themselves to pogroms of Jews and persecution of Catholics. They have invented a new and terrible method of torture, the 'cross-examination' of an entire family. Here is a case selected at random.

The armaments factory S., which manufactures machine guns, is suddenly inundated with revolutionary tracts. One finds them in the washrooms, coatrooms, among the machines. The Gestapo sends a flock of secret agents. Their anger mounts. Every worker is forced to undergo an individual cross-examination. Dozens of workers are searched. The Gestapo fills the factory, and for two days, until work is resumed, they rummage in every worker's bag. All this without success. They are unable to ascertain when and how the tracts were introduced into the factory or who brought them in.

Then the Gestapo arrests fifty workers, workers who are known to have been at one time against Hitler and also those who have signed workers' solidarity lists. Cross-examinations begin. First threats, then blows.

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The most stubborn get the 'bath': they are plunged into a concrete basin full of ice water to make them talk. The Gestapo ends by choosing from the fifty men three who have taken a direct part in the distribution of the tracts.

But no method is effective in extracting confessions from these men. They will keep silent even if they are beaten to death. It is then that the Gestapo resorts to its 'new' method, a 'cross-examination' of the men's families. They arrest the families of the three workers and bring them to the torture house—the wives, the children. The tool-maker W. has a mother who is sixty-eight years old. They bring her just the same.

Words cannot describe what follows. The torture of the men is resumed . . . in the presence of their families. The women have spasms of tears; the children cry in a way that would break one's heart. They cling to their husbands and fathers. They beg them to tell everything. Two men break down. They cannot endure it any longer. They have resisted every physical torture, but the moral torture breaks their resistance. They confess. But the tool-maker W. is still silent. His 'cross-examination' continues. Suddenly he realizes that it is not he alone who is being beaten. His little daughter of seven is bleeding from a wound on her head. His wife's face is covered with contusions. His old mother has already long since lost consciousness, stretched out on the floor. Then he, too, confesses. He gives the names of his accomplices. They are arrested the same night. The 'new method' of the Gestapo, which has been so successful, is extended to the new prisoners.

From all the towns and cities the same news: everywhere the family cross-examination is being applied to those arrested on suspicion of being members of anti-Fascist organizations or of knowing more about these organizations than others. The news goes from mouth to mouth. The most courageous anti-Fascists hesitate. They are ready to give their lives for their cause, but their wives, their children . . .

II

The Brown butchers mean to use every means, yes, every means to break the growing opposition. Once more they mean to terrify the masses, who are beginning to sympathize with the revolutionaries and to turn away from the Nazis. With this desperate terror they mean to exterminate the ripening seeds of anti-Fascist work. That is their purpose. Help us, help us!

We appeal to the conscience of the whole world. There is no longer any conscience in Germany. Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, the 'scientists' and 'artists' of the Third Reich, are well aware of these things. They are responsible. They give the orders, direct or indirect.

Help us, help us! Sound our cry of alarm before the court of world opinion. Whoever has a heart that beats for liberty and justice must sense our suffering. He must open his mouth. He must condemn. He who keeps silent in the presence of this horror makes himself a partner in it. Help us, help us! It is no longer a question of our own fate; it is a question of the fate of our wives and children. Their welfare, their very lives are in danger.

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IV. Citius! Altius! Fortius!

By Hans Pfundtner

Translated from *Olympische Spiele*, Berlin Official Publication of the Publicity Committee for the Eleventh Olympic Games

'An honorable and fair struggle awakens the best virtues in man. It does not separate, on the contrary, it binds the contestants closer together in mutual understanding and equal respect. It also serves to strengthen the bonds of freedom between nations. For this reason, may the Olympic flame never die out!'

With these words the Führer of the German nation, Adolf Hitler, has defined the ideal that crowned the Hellenistic culture for almost a thousand years and that in modern times has united the peoples of the whole world in honorable contests.

II

It is entirely in keeping with the reverence with which the German people have always regarded every great ideal of mankind that they regard the proper presentation of the Eleventh Olympic Games as a national duty. The Reich, following out the wishes of the Führer, will worthily fulfill its obligations as host and builder through the construction of the gigantic Reich's Sport Field and Olympic Village to the west of Berlin, through the elaborate preparations in the Bavarian Alps, and the projects on the Baltic Sea and on the Spree near Grünau.

The material preparation and construction for the Games are well under way, and, as a people and host, we are ready to offer to every nation of the world German hospitality and genuine coöperation befitting such a great mission. The German nation looks forward joyfully to the time when it can welcome the world. Our youth awaits eagerly the day when the Olympic fire carried from Athens will burn for the first time on German soil, the time when German youth will compete with the best of the world in the noble realm of sport.

May the Olympic bell ring loud next year from the tower of the Reich's Sport Field and may the youth of the world utter the battle cry of sport: '*Citius! Altius! Fortius!*—Swifter! Higher! Braver!'

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A well-known British writer presents the high-spots of the Left-wing Writers' Congress, which recently closed.

WRITERS *in* Paris

By E. M. Forster

From the *New Statesman and Nation*
London Independent Weekly of the Left

About two hundred writers, coming from fifteen countries of the old world and the new, gathered in Paris last week for the defense of culture. As a gesture, the gathering was very impressive. We met in the enormous hall of the Palais de la Mutualité, on a platform crawling with photographers and studded with microphones, long tables of reporters stretched below, and in the body of the hall and in the gallery sat an audience numbering from three to four thousand. The audience was for the most part youthful and had paid to come in. The Congress continued five days in an appalling heat, with afternoon as well as evening sessions. Writer after writer discoursed, in French or in his native tongue followed by a French translation.

Some of the speakers appeared to be journalists rather than creative artists, and some were congress-addicts who would travel any distance for their drug. Yet it remained an impressive affair, which only a common danger could have created. Fascism seemed very near to us in that awful weather, much nearer than it seems in England. We met under the very shadow of the Croix de Feu, and, if they triumph, France will join the lengthening list of countries where free speech is forbidden and tolerance despised.

Many of the speakers were exiles, or poor, or in personal danger. The Greek delegate told me a pathetic tale of suppressions since the recent revolt; petitions circulated about conditions in Bulgaria, Cuba, Palestine; an Australian showed a grotesque list of books stopped at the Melbourne custom house. (It included works by Oscar Browning!) Impossible to know the rights of everything. But obvious, even to that pampered survival, the Englishman, that the world is in trouble, and losing the legacy that the nineteenth century dangled before its hopeful eyes.

I was warned before arrival that, though the Congress was advertised

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as non-party, the preponderant element in it would be Communist. This proved perfectly correct, and, being vaguely liberal, I should have preferred the preponderance to be liberal. I had to sit through many eulogies of Soviet culture and to hear the name of Karl Marx detonate again and again like a well-placed charge and draw after it the falling masonry of applause. So long as Communism was criticized academically, as by Julien Benda, the audience listened civilly enough, but they would endure no concrete accusation. Professor Salvemini (Italian) was hissed for remarking in passing that Russia as well as Italy had her political exiles—an obvious remark but heresy to that conventicle.

Even more significant was the case of Victor Serge, which after rumbling for several days in the couloirs exploded during an afternoon session. The facts are in dispute, but Victor Serge is (apparently) a French revolutionary writer who obtained Soviet citizenship and is at present under restraint 'for divagation to the Left'—i.e., for advocating extreme measures after the Government judges them inopportune. His case has been taken up by the Trotski party, who demand that he shall either be tried or shall be allowed to leave Russia. The orthodox delegates grew warm and accused the Trotskiites of sabotage and lying, and the scandal was only stayed by the intervention of André Gide. My own sympathy was with the orthodox. It seems to me that the Soviet Government has its special internal problems and that it is trying to solve them in a civilized way. All the same, so long as those special problems remain, they unfit it to dominate an international conference of writers, where reasonableness, intellectual integrity, and freedom of speech are the prime requisites.

II

There was an elaborate syllabus: 'Cultural Inheritance,' 'The Writer's Part in Society,' 'The Individual,' 'Humanism,' 'Problems of Creation' all led up to 'The Defense of Culture.' The enemies of culture fell into two classes. There were, first, the avowed dictators, who not only suppress opinions of which they disapprove but encourage folklore and archaistic rubbish to take the place of genuine poetry and genuine history. These dictators we easily located and denounced.

The second class of enemies is more elusive, and perhaps not enough attention was paid to it. There exist in all countries that pretend to be free or are semi-free people who detest freedom. The activities of such people need watching and classifying, so that they may be opposed, and it might have been well to collect more evidence about them at the Congress and in particular to be told more of what is afoot in the smaller European and South American states.

A good many writers on the program never arrived, among them Thomas Mann, Karel Čapek, and Selma Lagerlöf. The Poles were refused their passports. Gorki started, but was taken ill in the train from the Crimea. Alain, Jules Romains, and Romain Rolland were also absent. Still the list was pretty thrilling. The Soviet delegation included the novelist Babel—he spoke most gaily—and Pasternak, a poet of high reputation. Waldo Frank, from the United

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States, made a touching avowal of his faith in Communism.

Among French writers were Barbusse, Guéhenno (the editor of *Europe*), Durtain, Vildrac, Malraux, and Bloch. The last two named were mainly responsible for the success of the Congress; they put aside their own fine creative work to further it. And it is in connection with them that a foreign delegate like myself may best express his gratitude for all the kindness and hospitality that he received and for the consideration extended to his opinions.

It was impossible to keep to the syllabus, and speakers strayed from subject to subject. Among those whom I heard, Aldous Huxley, Julien Benda, and André Gide stand out. Huxley discussed propaganda and its limitations. Benda laid down the thesis that Communism breaks from western civilization, does not continue it. (This led to an interesting series of papers; his critics pointed out that western civilization has never been homogeneous and argued that Communism continues it in some ways, breaks from it in others.) Gide's theme was the individual—who will never develop his individuality fully until he forms part of an international society. He began with airs and archery; gradually he forgot himself, his style became fluid as his thought soared and sentimentality passed into affection. He denied that humanity would cease to be interesting if it ceased being miserable; on the contrary, he imagined '*un état social où la joie soit accessible à tous et des hommes que la joie aussi puisse grandir.*'

He had a tremendous ovation: the whole audience rose to its feet—an honor also accorded to Heinrich Mann, who has become the symbol in France of Nazi persecution. Gide is an elusive and sometimes an unsatisfactory writer, but as an orator that evening he was superb. It was strange to pass out from his eloquence into the disquietude of contemporary Paris; to find, outside the Congress hall, masses of police drawn up in case we gave trouble and to encounter the lonely, flood-lit dome of the Panthéon at the end of a deserted street.

What will result from the Congress? A permanent bureau is to be formed, with national sub-committees. The bureau will promote intercourse between authors, issue lists of approved books, arrange where possible for the publication of banned books of merit, and act generally as a clearing house for information bearing on the struggle of culture against Fascism. It will furthermore give a prize to a book, irrespective of that book's tendency, and it will convene a second congress at some future date.

If the bureau expands into an organization where all non-Fascist writers can exchange their opinions freely, it will do good work. If it contracts into a chapel of the One True Revolution, where only the preconvinced feel comfortable, it will do good work only for the Communist Party, and perhaps not very good work for that. My own hope is that it will take the former course, and English writers, who as a rule cut so little ice on the Continent, might be of use in inducing it to do so. They might signify their adherence. The more they come in, the better chance there is that something genuinely international will result and that the common doom threatening every decent and sensitive person will be averted.

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A brilliant young Irish writer tells of a meeting with a woman revolutionist who took part in the famous Black-and-Tan rebellion, and an authentic gypsy describes some amusing episodes from the life of his wandering brethren.

IRISH Leaders *and* ENGLISH Gypsies

TALES FROM
TWO ISLES

I. A MEETING

By SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

From the *Listener*, London Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

MANY towns in Ireland, after fifty or sixty years of prosperity—the effect of a good fortnightly fair, a butter-market, or a barracks—suddenly begin to decline. Unable to contract, they become gapped like an old man's mouth. In ten years they become one of the *villes mortes* of the world.

B. is like that. Once a mere coaching-stop at a bridge-head on the Dublin road, an English cavalry barracks was built there soon after the Crimea because it happened to be near the five-thousand-acre field of the Curragh. To-day you can see how it both rose and declined. The barracks are still there, all along one side of the street—tent-canvas become stone—but now abandoned and crumbling. Facing it is an unbroken line of shops—the sutlers' booths—staring at the mirror of their own future.

Down that street I walked one afternoon this early summer. I could not hear a sound of any sort, except far away the humming of a hay-machine. The great wide street was in midday siesta. Outside one shop—one

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of the few with any real purpose now —were the usual bundles of hayforks and rakes and curved scythe-handles, all faintly sunburned. I could feel that every chimney corner supported a sleeping head, and I certainly got the rank smell of dinner-bones burning. So idle was my mind as I looked at the one or two loungers, extended on their backs under the barrack-wall, their caps on their faces, that I struck against the bundles of farming implements and with a terrific clatter they tumbled at my feet. At once, like cuckoo-clocks, every door showed a head; a dog growled; a man came out through the mossed gateway of the barracks and looked at me with interest. The loungers actually sat up. Then suddenly I saw, through my blushes, that a woman was staring at me, and I realized that after twelve years I was remeeting Molly Dunne.

II

Twelve years ago—she then about thirty—Molly was up to her eyes in the Revolution. If there was a dangerous despatch, or a bomb, or a gun, to be carried through the British patrols, she was the safest girl in Cork for the job. If there was an important mission to Paris or America, she was certain to be chosen, the tomboy, the dare-devil, the traveled one, the best story-teller I ever met.

We used to look up to her as a woman of the world then, and we were always glad to sit in silence when she began to tell about it. Even now I shall always associate her with that marvelous story about the night in Paris when, at the age of eighteen, she lost her companions in some big hotel. She took the wrong stairs and found herself suddenly in what must have been a basement brasserie, surrounded by red-coated cavalry men.

'I was flattened, I need n't tell you. Imagine it—only eighteen. I had long golden hair . . .'

'You still have,' somebody would admire.

'Oh, but it was yards and yards—down to my knees, girl. They gathered about me. Big men with black mustachios and clanking sabres. They made a circle around me, and they drew their swords, and they held them in the air. One of them wound my golden hair around my throat. Then they caught hands and danced around me. I was limp. Limp!'

Or her story about the Persian princess, told with the most casual reference to wagons-lit, the Interlaken and Kandersteg, F. D. trains, the Engadine Express, and 'I said to the gendarme at the frontier'—or, 'Then, at Linz, her maid came in with the coffee'—ending with:—

'"*Gar nichts*," said I, and "*Gar nichts*," said she, and so he went through it, and the two of us trying to keep looking out the window. He found nothing, and he went away, and we nearly let the connection trying to pack at the last moment and dodge out. "Well, anyway," says I to her, "if it had n't been for your damned old diamond ring in the wash basin, I could have washed myself." And says she, "If it had n't been for your stupid papers down my knickers, I could have dressed myself." "Pooh to you," says I. "Pooh to you, whatever it is," says she, and I never saw her after. Of course, I don't believe she was a princess at all, and anyway, I'm *sure* she was up to something underhand.'

And here I was meeting her again,

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of all places in B.! I might have guessed Paris, or New York, even London. But not this empty town on the edge of the great, hot bogland of the centre of Ireland, into whose peat it seemed ready to sink as into a warm featherbed of sleep.

III

As I had come to B. for a day out of Dublin to walk this bog, we walked there together, talking and talking. She had married a dentist, she told me, and had three children and was very happy. But, while I waited for her in her little villa, built originally by some English colonel, I could see no signs of the old Molly I knew. Only on the little bookshelf did I find any memories of the old days—volumes of the writings of this rebel leader and that, and even they, so prized at one time, were pushed down on the lower shelf behind the armchair.

The bog was dry as a dust, and in the haze it trembled, where it stretched for miles and miles over Ireland, purpled and browned with heather and furze, with its few tattered poplars on a beach, the low cone of Allan, a little grape white under its bloom. And over all that land no sign of life but the plumes of smoke rising to the clouds from the turf-cutters' fires. Lovely as it was, not merely old but immemorable, not merely unchanged but unchangeable, it began to weigh heavily on me, and to that feeling was added a sense of mystery when I saw the little cabins, like arks, with the dark water lapping to the very doors, and women inside the porches with sallow faces and eyes dark as the bog-pools from which they cut the sods of peat.

She was full of life, delighted to have again somebody to fill with old tales, and I made her, to enliven me, tell again the story of the Persian princess, and I tried to talk with her of politics. But she only said, 'Ah, we're still good at heart,' and then asked me some question that showed she had not read a newspaper for several days. Then we passed on to the town, and she became passionately excited, saying it would drive anyone to drink; and yet, as I could see, she knew very little about it and had never tried to become part of it. She scorned to play golf, saying, with a touch of her old fire, that it was an English game; and as for cards she could not stand the silly women.

I said, 'Well, you have a grand chance with racing at your very door?'

She said, 'Would you believe it, I was never yet at a meeting on the Curragh, and yet all around me the very children talk in odds. I have to beat it out of my lads. Only yesterday I caught Tommy saying, "I bet yous half-a-dollar I'd jump that fence."'

So I drew her back to her old rebelly nights and her European days, and once or twice she told a good story, like that one of the morning she woke up to see a man on the platform in Munich being greeted by an absolutely infuriated wife—simply because on his fur collar was *her* Spanish comb, fallen there during the night when she slept with her head on his shoulder. Once or twice, too, she drew out her old battle-weapons, and, as it were, spat on them, and put them up again, as if to show me she was still 'good at heart,' saying, 'I see they're having an auction in Lady Banks's place at Rathmore. That's one of the last of the old gang to go—thank God.'

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Or, 'We have a little factory now in a corner of the barracks. They're making silk stockings. But,' she sighed, 'I wonder. Do you think we should have factories spread all over Ireland? We might have places then like Manchester or Glasgow. It's hard to tell.'

So we talked for an hour, sitting under one of the high causeway roads, chewing dry rush-stalks. But somehow it was she who did most of the listening, now, and in her stories there was not the same vivid, sharp edge. It was all like music vanishing faintly into the distance, soon to be heard only as a hum, quiet as the bees wandering near us into the thistle-flowers and the furze.

We turned back, and she implored me to meet her again—in Dublin—for a whole day—when we must talk and talk. A faint sweet wind came down over Ireland as we walked for the train, and, when I had waved good-by and was looking through the window, there was a light or two in the town, and the bog was already indistinct and cold.

II. The Unromantic Gypsies

By One of Them

From the *Countryman*, Rural-Life Quarterly, Published at Idbury, Kingham, Oxfordshire

[*We receive the following with every evidence that it is the work of a gypsy. We have done little more than delete the names of places and reduce the length of the MS.*—Editors, '*The Countryman*.']

TO AVERAGE city dwellers its O for a gypsy life in a tent or caravan with the blue canopy of heaven for a roof and the golden heather for a bed! Well, here is some truth about us. We have four caravans, seven women (three not married), one grandpa, four fathers, and four young fellows. When, amid curses, the squeak of children, and the shrill voices of women, we gathered round the campfire to drink six gallons of cider and have a sing-song, the moon was regarding us rather sadly.

We all flattered ourselves that we possessed vocal talents, and nobody who chanced to have been within hearing about midnight would have disputed that. The more our women drank, the more cantankerous they became. They began by accusing their husbands of being too fast with other husbands' women and taunted the young fellows for their slowness in claiming one of the three young women for a wife. Lily was seventeen, and Evan, who was twenty, had no particular objection to taking her for a wife; but Lily's mother insinuated that Evan's lazy, indolent nature rendered him ineligible. Evan's mother sneeringly insinuated that Lily, like her mother, was not so lily white after all. Insinuations followed in quick succession, the poisoned dart of recrimination none could escape, and pandemonium ensued. Every imaginable weapon was used, and Fairy Glen resounded with screams and curses for several hours. Evan, who was halfway with 'Just a Song at Twilight,' was struck on the head with an accordion and rendered unconscious.

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Next day, with bandaged heads, black eyes, and other relics of the previous evening and night, we took our departure from Fairy Glen just as the peak of the hill was coaxing a good morning kiss from the sun, but the sight did not soften the hearts of the caravan dwellers—the romantic gypsies! Our hearts were overflowing with bitterness. When we arrived in the hop-yards late that evening, we were given a hearty welcome by another tribe that chanced to be on the scene. We were all brothers, uncles, and cousins though we were not aware of each other's existence before this moment.

Love affairs are one of the chief attractions in the life of a gypsy, suspicion and jealousy the ever-harrowing obsession. Even the lazy, indolent Evan became alert at the sight of three pretty young 'cousins,' and the married women, on both sides, were wrathful. The hop-pickers appeared to be overflowing with spirits; jibes and jokes were bandied round, and the hop-yards rang with mirth. A woman was singing:—

'A maid again I'll never be
While apples grow on apple tree.'

That night we ambushed the people coming from the village public house. Next day the hoppers stormed our camp. Those who go hop-picking for a holiday hate gypsies and despise the tramp fraternity; the tramp dislikes the 'Gyps' and envies the holiday maker. When we had been at the hopping five weeks, 'settling-up day' approached. There were many things to settle up, apart from the employer. There were guilty memories of stolen kisses mingled with the thought of returning to the old man and the humdrum drudgery of one's own caravan. And there were secret pledges by many young couples to drift together on the long, long trail that leads nowhere.

II

We always remain a couple of days to settle up with each other. In keeping with our usual habits, we all decided to visit the public house in the evening. When we entered and called for six quarts of cider, known as 'stun-em,' the landlord looked dismayed. The perspiration started down his face when nine of our 'cousins' came in later and ordered nine quarts. One of our 'cousins' remarked that our Hazel-eye was a fine filly and invited her to have a drink with him; this encouraged another to try to kiss Megan. The kiss went astray to a married woman sitting at Megan's side. A quart jug flew through the air and missed its aim, landing on Megan's head. When the pots, glasses, and chairs were exhausted, we carried the war along a lane for a few hours, and about midnight we all crawled to our camps to attend to the wounded. When we got up next morning, we discovered that Hazel-eye and Megan were missing. We thereupon made for the camp of our 'cousins' to recapture the two girls and wreak vengeance. The site of the camp was there, but no trace of a camp.

We gypsies are by nature roaming vagabonds, and our cry is ever for space—space to trap rabbits and snare pheasants—and the moon's sweet mellow rays to guide us from running into the keeper's net. We also love the countryside to ponder in. An old lady suggested that we should pick some cherries in exchange for two old bridles we were trying to cadge. 'My

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dear, good, kind Christian lady,' replied our spokesman, assuming a shocked expression, 'we live among and we love those dear little creatures, the birds. How can a kind-hearted, good, God-fearing lady ask us to rob the birds? Good, kind lady, give us the bridles and let the birds pick the cherries!' And we got the bridles.

III

'Am ye going to the city?' someone asked us. 'The fair be there to-morrow, and they be going to roast a bull in the street and give it to the poor!'

With the prospect of something for nothing, we trailed into the city. The rain was coming down in torrents. The ox was being roasted in the midst of an admiring crowd under the supervision of the carnival queen and local dignitaries. I don't profess to be a judge of queens, though, being the only member of our tribe able to read, I have been the right-hand man of our nagging, tyrannical old queen for years. But Lily, our only remaining wench, interchanged glances with the carnival queen, glances radiating envy. Our Lily had the advantage of being a real wild lily, whereas the beauty queen was a tinsel rose embarrassed by the rain, which enhanced the beauty of Lily. A young man chanced to be standing close to the carnival queen, and to his cost followed her glance and noticed Lily's 'black aloes.' A slice of the ox was knocked down to him, and he bought it and handed it to our Lily! There was a dead silence for a second or two, and all eyes were focused on the gypsy. Later, we reasoned with Lily, cursed and threatened her, but to no purpose; she was firm in her determination to marry the hero of the slice of beef. She wanted fine clothes and a house in the city; and she had her wishes.

There were about two hundred gypsies gathered in the valley on the day of the wedding. The ceremony was just the ordinary affair,—not the gypsy ceremony as the bridegroom was not a gypsy,—but the drinking and eating were extraordinary and lasted until sunrise the following day. We danced and quarreled the whole night. Kisses were bestowed by wrong lips, and the young fellows fought, and the young women had each other's clothes off their backs. The dogs—about a hundred—howled and snarled over the bones of the feast.

A sense of emptiness invaded our camp after the wedding; our three wenches were gone, and granny, our self-appointed queen, was becoming more querulous. The roving spirit reëntered our hearts, and we craved once more the open country where we could lie on the grass or, with a dog at our heels, run down a rabbit or, with chloride of lime, get ourselves fish. We had been in the midlands; we decided to make for Kent. We followed our usual profession of poaching, telling fortunes, and selling pegs on the road. On the way, at Winchester, one bright and beautiful spring morning, we all presented ourselves at the quaint little lodge and were each handed a horn of beer and bread and cheese. We got but slowly through the city in order to give our women time to tell their tales of woe.

The landlord of an inn we entered was not, by his looks, at all pleased to see us in his bar. He had a policeman's truncheon and helmet hanging up on the wall, and an old roadmender, who was munching in a corner, informed us

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that the host was an old cop who had specialized in catching poachers, and in contact with 'you didicoy blokes' he lost an eye but got two gypsies to gaol for two years. A commotion in the yard cut the old man's story short; our lurcher was having a fight with the landlord's sheep dog, which resulted in our being refused more drinks.

Later in the evening we had a visit from the police regarding a missing cigar box containing five gold sovereigns. Uncle Amos was always the spokesman. 'Sovereigns, you say? Now what is a sovereign like? It must be as large as two crowns! No? As large as four crowns? And pure gold! Do you hear that, granny? Five wagon wheels of gold?' The two policemen were given a royal send-off. We trod on their toes and apologized derisively. The women criticized the policemen's hair and teeth and wondered what sort of husbands they would make.

On a glorious evening we drew into a shady lane with a river near abounding in trout and watercresses. This was certainly the place we had longed for. We were in the midst of coppices, undergrowth, and plantations that abounded in game; the wood pigeon was coo-cooing in the branches above, and the nightingale was pouring forth her song. It was one of those nights that lovers dream of when the misty softness fills the air and the sleepy hollows reëcho the hoot of the owl.

Our Judy, who was not quite fifteen, tall and slim with big, dark brilliant eyes that looked at you for a second and disappeared bashfully beneath drooping eyelids, was employed by different farmers weeding and sorting potatoes, and so were her brothers, and so, it transpired, were some of her many lovers. It was Saturday evening; the wings of night were overspreading the light, and spasmodic gusts of wind wailed through the branches. Our blazing campfire was crackling joyously under a huge pot wherein six rabbits were bubbling deliciously. We were all squatted round the fire, smoking, making pegs for the women, and telling tales of the day's adventure, when the dogs drew our attention to two policemen approaching. We whisked the pot off the fire and replaced it with the kettle. A few words with Judy the sergeant wanted. He was anxious to know where a certain youth was when she left the farm and the last time she saw another youth. Later, we heard that five minutes after a youth had left his gypsy love he had waylaid another youth, murdered him, and robbed him to buy a pair of ear-rings for his sweetheart.

With a feeling of infinite joy we drew into a disused gravelpit about three miles to the north of a village in wild Wales, the natural home of ghost and goblin, the land where every fifth man is a preacher and every man a politician, where every rumble is a warning from God and every shadow a ghost.

IV

Poaching is comparatively safe around any haunted spot, and we naturally decided to do a bit. We selected a plantation four miles or so from our encampment. We generally wire rabbits at night and hook the pheasants with a sharp hook on a long pole. In the middle of the night one can quietly push this pole through the branches of a tree where a pheasant is roosting and, with a downward jerk, break the pheasant's back.

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With the peep of golden dawn we hurried to our snares and collected our rabbits. As we took the rabbits out of the snares, we threw them at the foot of a tree and covered them with leaves to collect them on our way back. Thus, if we ran into a gamekeeper, we would have no rabbits. We hid eighteen rabbits in that way. It took only about an hour to do the round. On our way back four of us went in four different ways, and any prowling gamekeeper was likely to run into one of them. In this case the gypsy begins whistling a tune to warn the two who are collecting the rabbits that they may plant them again. But we need not have troubled. Someone had collected all of them for us but two! Granny sneered and called us all a lazy lot of cowards.

V

The 'mad squire's' mansion was in the centre of a huge park. We always like to drop across eccentric people; they are generally easily imposed upon. Uncle Amos decided that we should approach the 'mad squire' on the pretext that one of our horses had died on the way and that we were one short.

There was nobody living in the lodge, so we scaled the massive iron gate. The mansion was very old. Apart from four hunters, with their ribs almost protruding out of their skins, trying to pick up a bit of grass on what may have once been a lawn, there appeared to be no living creature near the place. All the windows were shuttered up. Uncle Amos pulled a rope, and the huge bell clanged mournfully through the building. We were on the point of turning away when the heavy-studded door creaked on its hinges and a dark figure appeared. He was a middle-aged man, about six feet in height, with extraordinary brilliant, small dark-brown eyes. 'The squire is not at home; been away for months,' this person assured Uncle Amos. 'I'm the butler,' he said. 'Come inside and have a drink.'

The butler took us to the servants' hall, in which there was a roaring wood fire. He had a large barrel of beer resting on a settee, and ever so many rabbits hanging on the wall where pictures once hung. We noticed pictures in a heap in a corner.

'Drink and be merry,' the butler said solemnly, 'for to-morrow you'll all be dead.'

'Who's going to kill us?' demanded Uncle Amos.

'The "mad squire" will kill anyone!' replied the butler solemnly. 'Do you see that chair?' he asked, addressing Evan, 'well, break it up and put it on the fire!'

'What will the squire say?' said Uncle Amos.

'What would you say if he came in now?' the butler asked in a soft, almost musical voice.

'I'd chop him up and put him on the fire!' Evan said. The butler went out without a word and returned immediately with a butcher's cleaver. 'Now put your boast into action; I'm the "mad squire,"' he said in the same sweet voice as he sent Evan sprawling into the fireplace.

Pocket-shooters were not so common as they are now, but the 'mad squire' was toying with a glittering little weapon. 'For what reason did you kill these rabbits?' he asked, pointing to the bunnies hanging on the wall and focusing his brilliant brown eyes on Uncle Amos.

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'We were hungry, good, kind sir squire, and we were going to eat them,' replied Uncle Amos, looking quite terrified.

'Were you going to eat them all?' asked the man, playing with the chambers of the glittering little weapon, which was pointing straight at Uncle Amos.

'We were; we are starving,' said Uncle.

'Now is your time to eat them,' said the squire. 'I will allow you an hour to skin, cook, and eat all those rabbits and drink every drop of the beer left in that barrel. If there is any rabbit or beer left when I return, I shall shoot the six of you.' And the 'mad squire' went out and locked the door behind him.

Eating three rabbits each and drinking a gallon or so of beer on top of a breakfast of cold pheasant is not quite so simple as it seems. We had just managed it, however, when back came the squire. As he opened the door he pushed a tray in with his foot. There was about three pounds of cheese and six of bread on the tray. Behind it came about two gallons of fresh buttermilk.

'Ten minutes to eat that and drink the milk,' said the squire.

Uncle Amos was almost choking already. 'My good, kind . . .' and a bullet whizzed past him.

'Eat or die!' whispered the squire's voice, and Uncle, preferring eating to being shot dead, set about the second course.

'Now put the skins and bones in your pockets and go to your women, good brothers,' said the squire's soft voice, 'and do not again allow animal instinct to master human intelligence.'

When we got to the massive iron gate, none of us was in a condition to scale it. Uncle Amos, in a desperate effort, sprained his ankle.

The 'mad squire,' while we were cooking and feasting, had driven our women away from the gravelpit; it was his property. Years later he became the gypsies' friend and allowed them to camp in his park and catch rabbits wherever they chose.

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BOOKS ABROAD

DIKTATUR IN ÖSTERREICH. *By Franz Winkler. Zürich: Orell Füssli Verlag. 1935.*

(From the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, Munich)

AUSTRIA is to-day a dumb land. Only the Government and its followers are allowed to speak and voice their opinions. The people themselves have to be silent because the bad conscience of their rulers cannot tolerate the sound of their voices. For these rulers realize that the majority of the country does not support them. With an enforced, almost churchyard quiet, they try to still their own feeling of insecurity. The world is supposed to believe that in Austria everything is quite in order because the 'Austrian citizen' has discovered and established the politics of Catholicism. It is supposed to believe that here, in this country, a new political idea was born, grew, and became a reality, bringing with it order, at once just and safe. But, after a while, it becomes impossible to keep the truth hidden, and, even though it cannot become known to the citizens of the country itself, it finds its outlet in foreign nations.

The former vice chancellor of Austria, Franz Winkler, who last year was forced to leave his home, has attempted to portray, in his *Dictatorship in Austria*, the true state of affairs in Austria, how it developed and how it looks to-day. No one is better fitted to undertake a work of this kind. For many years he led the Landbund and served also as Minister in the Ender, Buresch, and Dollfuss Cabinets successively. Even after his resignation, as the leader of his Party, he had every opportunity to observe the most secret workings of Austrian politics. He it was who stood beside Dollfuss as he climbed the road toward absolute authority and the break with the New Germany. All this he lived through, and all this he writes about as a man who never forgot he was an Austrian German, who as a conservative democrat abhorred all radical tendencies, and who could never be accused of having sympathized either with the Social Democrats or with the National Socialists. Therefore, his testimony against the dictatorship in Austria becomes so much the more important and convincing.

Winkler might also have called his book 'An Austrian Tragedy,' for the political fate that he describes has a truly tragic character—especially when one realizes that that fate is inextricably bound up with the fate of the Austrian people. What they would have the world believe—that the dictatorship of the Heimwehr and of Catholic politics under the protection of Fascism and the Vatican has the full sanction of the people—is absolutely untrue. What is true, however, is that an abundance of errors, missed opportunities, and attempts to join with malicious, brutal, and power-thirsty cliques were necessary in order to bring the present Government into existence against the will of the people.

Winkler also passes objective judgment on Dollfuss, whose representa-

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tive he was. He shows how, from the very beginning, Dollfuss and Starhemberg recognized Austria's German mission: that events could take their natural order only if Austria worked side by side with Germany. But, as events developed, both preferred to pursue a devious course (which they termed the 'Austrian Idea') until the break with Germany became inevitable. As late as February, 1933, Starhemberg rejected talk of 'the Austrian people,' as indeed he rejected every tendency opposed to Germany. But then he underwent a change that made him praise 'the Austrian miracle' only a few months later and call for resistance 'against the attack of an empire of sixty million people.'

This change can be understood only if it is put down to the immaturity that has characterized this political romantic from the first. In Winkler's view, Dollfuss, who as far as talent and political acumen were concerned far surpassed his colleagues, was not at heart the fanatic zealot he later seemed. But, from month to month, he became more and more the slave of his desire for power. This desire took its support from whatever source it could and drove Dollfuss to make concessions whenever, through his innate weakness and uncertainty, he felt himself slipping. In order to retain his power, Dollfuss sought and found support from without, namely, from Roman Fascism and the Vatican. In exchange, he entangled himself in powerful meshes, both domestic and foreign; and from these there was no escape. One step led to another. Every new domestic experiment made him more dependent on his outside supporters, and vice versa. In order to maintain his power, Dollfuss, ridden by his particular demon, was forced to destroy all contact with the vital political forces of his people, barring in that way any growth of his own power, which might have increased even as the strength of Germany has increased.

'Italy's foreign policy sharpened its tempo with the express purpose of drawing Austria into the Italian bloc. Italy sought this recompense after the victory of the Little Entente shut her out from any possible benefits to be gained in the Balkans. And, too, Italy feared that the parliamentary triumph of German National-Socialism on March 5, 1933, would have serious effects on the development of Austria's inner politics. Until the day that Hitler came into power, the Vatican showed fatherly understanding and motherly love for Austria. But after January 30, 1933, and especially after the National-Socialist triumph at the polls, when the defeat of the Catholic citizens in western and southern Germany became obvious, the Vatican policies in Austria took on an offensive turn.

'This new line of action from Rome did not change in the least the successful efforts of Papen to conciliate political Catholicism in Germany through the signing of a concordat. Defeat, heavy losses, and renunciation in Germany strengthened the determination of the Vatican to protect Austria from the fate of the German Centrist Party. Austria, the last Catholic-ruled state of Europe and the world, fulfilled the questionable duty of becoming an aid to the achievement of Rome's goal against the German Empire. The Church carried on the fight, carefully, along its own proved lines, without (so

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witnesses of this political game contend) leniency and understanding. The Church remained adamant, even though several bishops and many priests urged against taking steps toward such a development. Dr. Dollfuss, a true and loyal son of his Church, became the foremost fighter for warlike Catholicism.'

Out of the politics of fear, which Winkler here describes, Dollfuss, like so many dictators who have not mastered the tools of their calling, developed the politics of despair.

TIME and again opportunities arose when past errors could have been corrected and bridges, which seemed beyond repair, rebuilt. But each time, thanks to the mistrust between Starhemberg and Dollfuss, the attempt to make peace with Germany failed. Winkler knows how to make telling comments on these conciliatory attempts, about which the German public has not, till now, known very much:—

'In the middle of December 1933, the Chancellor entrusted his closest co-worker, Dr. Schuschnigg, the Minister of Education, with the most important but delicate mission of feeling out the representative of the leader of the National-Socialist Party, Hess, concerning the bringing about of some kind of understanding with Germany. This discussion actually took place but brought with it no practical results. Between the middle and end of December, 1933, Dollfuss paved the diplomatic way towards a "peace conference." The Austrian Minister in Berlin, Mr. Tauschitz, conveyed these desires to the German Foreign Minister, von Neurath, on New Year's Day. Von Neurath had declared himself a friend of Austria and a strong partisan of a German-Austrian conciliation. With immediate application, von Neurath accomplished the express wish of Dollfuss and brought this understanding with Adolf Hitler into effect. Tauschitz and von Neurath arranged a meeting between Dollfuss and Habicht in Vienna for January 8, 1934. The villa of the Finance Minister, Dr. Buresch, was chosen as the place of meeting since, in virtue of its nearness to the Aspern flying field, it permitted the greatest possible secrecy. All preparations were made for this extremely important political rendez-vous. Early on January 8, Habicht started his journey toward Vienna in the Chancellor's plane. As he flew over Melk, in fact immediately before his arrival in Vienna, he received over the radio the news from Berlin that Dollfuss had withdrawn his invitation.'

What had happened? Starhemberg, who was not informed of the planned interview until January 7, had vetoed the idea, and Dollfuss had bowed before his decision. The Cabinet Council of January 8 was, as Winkler says, a black day in Austria's history, since it determined then to take sharper measures against the opposition and thus to make the gulf between Germany and Austria even wider. And, if at this time the Heimwehr was responsible for missing this opportunity, the next time the jealousy of Dollfuss himself hindered proceedings.

'In April, 1934,' Winkler reports, 'Starhemberg started conciliatory actions because Habicht had been eliminated as leader of the National-Socialist Party, for Starhemberg and Habicht had always been enemies. On April 27, Starhemberg, through

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the head of the press, Dr. Bodo Kaltenböck, put himself in direct communication with the leaders of the Austrian S. A. in Munich. The conditions for the closing of the peace treaty that was to be effected under Starhemberg's leadership in Vienna on May 3 were agreed upon. The representatives of the S. A. met in Vienna on May 3. The conference was postponed hour after hour. Finally, Starhemberg withdrew, saying that, for a change, the Chancellor had strictly forbidden any coalition.'

The remarkable thing was that during all these discreet attempts to join with the other side, there was no halt to the terror that was directed throughout the country at all who professed to different ideas. The great gulf was twice widened, in February by the Social-Democratic uprising, and in July by the attack on Dr. Dollfuss and the serious fighting that followed. After November 10, 1933, martial law had come to be accepted as a permanent state of affairs. Every day saw death sentences and heavy prison terms imposed. Winkler describes in minute detail the fighting of July, 1934, about which the Austrian Government published the Brown Book. He also seems to know many things that he does not think wise to divulge at this time. For example, he at one point says of an alleged list of Ministers, a proposed opposition government, that if the actual ministerial list were published the existing Coalition Government would be seized with a paralysis of fear. The result of the course of autocracy, for which, since Dollfuss's violent death, his follower Schuschnigg is eminently responsible, is exactly the opposite of its declared aim, the opposite of order, security, and peace. It is a régime that, supported by the smallest minority and earning only bitter hatred from the majority of its people, finds itself, in the face of brewing conflict with Germany, doubly dependent on Rome.

All bridges that might have led to an understanding are down, and it is impossible to see how they can be rebuilt as long as the spirit of dictatorship controls Austria. From the old Austria, which the autocrats so often invoke, they have taken, in reality, only one tradition, which is not only the worst of that heritage, but which also, as they carry it further, leaves them no prospect of a reasonable conclusion.

BRIEFE AUS MUZOT. *By Rainer Maria Rilke. Edited by Ruth Sieber-Rilke and Carl Rilke. Leipzig: Insel-Verlag. 1935.*

(Friedrich Luft in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin)

IN SOME of the letters of this newly published volume, Rilke writes to young people who came to hear him confirm their own belief in their poetic talents. He speaks to them of the two types of writing that they must master: the one, for daily work, 'an honest, absolutely controlled and responsible tool'; the other, 'a careful, guarded medium, through which, in hours of real poetic inspiration, they can give lofty expression to the ideas worthy of it.' Against the confusion of these two methods he issues sharp warnings.

Yet he, too, we now learn, in the last years of his life (the period, incidentally, that these letters represent) allowed himself to combine these methods. His life and daily existence were taken up entirely with

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the work he had chosen for himself, so that, as soon as he began to express himself in words, he was lifted into the sphere of poetry. This faculty he had achieved through hours of unending labor. From his faultlessly schooled pen poetry flowed, no matter what the subject or purpose of his particular task. He himself recognized that in his last, full years not a small part of his gift found expression in extensive correspondence.

And so we have volumes of his letters,—those published years ago, and finally this last one,—all fraught with intense interest. Surpassing the purely autobiographical, Rilke's letters take their deserved place beside his creative work. They are written with such responsibility and seriousness that the reader is often forced to pause in wonder. These are no mere letters: here we find so much more than polite greetings or dutiful regards; every page is poetry.

Letters from Muzot! In this small tower in Switzerland, Rilke, in 1921, found a retreat from 'the sterility of friendship,' a retreat where, after years of wandering, of poetic silence, and 'soul suffering,' he could rehabilitate his talents. Here he waited in obedient and painful patience for the return of his productivity. He waited for that blessed hour that would call him to finish the work he conceived in Duino ten years before. 'When I examine my conscience, I see but one law,' he writes. 'Deaf to all pleas, it commands: "Shut yourself up in your tower and with one mighty stroke finish the task that your heart dictates." I obey.' He obeyed; waited; schooled his technique further by translating; and stood ready for that hour of grace, which must come after so many years of tortured waiting. Without relaxing a moment, living entirely alone, 'perched on the mountain of his heart,' he waited for that blessed hour.

And the hour came. That great attempt, that rending demand on the resources of our language, succeeded. In a few days the *Elegien* came into existence. 'Everything in a few days! It was an indescribable storm, a tornado of the spirit, like that other time in Duino. Every fibre and tissue in me fought. I never gave a thought to food. God knows how I kept alive.' In these letters, Rilke stands, bewildered, wondering, like a stranger before his great *Elegien*. The passages about this outstanding achievement of his life are the most gripping in the volume: these and the passages about the *Sonette an Orpheus*, that last great work, finished in 1922, which came to him with such clamoring insistence that 'he scarcely had time enough to obey' before death overtook him.

The inner compulsion that drove Rilke to the attainment of this great end will always be a source of wonder. In his early letters, as in his verse, we find an exaggerated rhythm, a preoccupation with music, that soon passes the point of satiety, an annoying sweetness of tone and sometimes a frightening preciosity. In his middle period, influenced by the school of Rodin, his poetic expression took on a modeled hardness and transparent objectivity. We find the same influence at work in the letters of that period.

But here, in the last years of his life, his writing becomes almost hymnal, and the voice that speaks in ringing tones to us from these letters seems no longer to be of this earth. It

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has become crystal clear, it moves in living pictures, without effort; and, in contrast to his earlier years, it speaks with the complete acceptance of life of one who has achieved that point of view through bitter struggle. There is no more fear. The difficult things of this life that must be accepted, he accepts with deep understanding and joy. 'We take things hard, but we take them in their true proportion, and so we accept, with them, the truth. We weigh these things honestly in the scales of our hearts rather than by suspicion, luck, or accident. We cannot deny these things. We can not store them away. On the contrary, how much must we accept, and accept again, to round out our existence!'

In a time sorely in need of such gifts, Rilke has given us a portrait of a poet that is pure and honest; a portrait of a poet's life that only Stefan George has equaled. How fortunate we are to find this portrait rounded out in these last letters! They do not make for light reading. They demand one's absolute attention and one's utmost respect. But once the reader has absorbed them, he feels honored to have been permitted to examine the inner recesses of a great and heroic life, to have walked with the poet in his blessed moments of concentration and creation, of unceasing labor, of strength and humility, of obedience and grace.

WORLD FINANCE SINCE 1914. *By Paul Einzig. London: Kegan Paul. 1935.*

(From the *Economist*, London)

IN THIS imposing volume Dr. Einzig takes as his theme the whole monetary and economic history of the world since 1914. He tells the story and attempts to point the moral. The earlier parts of the narrative are a little sketchy in places, and the moral is fitted into the framework of a rather crude antithesis between 'orthodoxy,' 'classical doctrine,' and 'laissez-faire,' on the one hand, and 'economic planning' and 'the radical view,' on the other. But the history of the last three years is most interestingly told; and the general conclusions of the book, if not profound, are sensible and timely.

Dr. Einzig sees the period under review as a succession of four stages: inflation (1914–25), stabilization (1925–29), deflation (1929–31), and reflation (1931–35). Each of these in turn he describes and analyzes. He argues that, if any blame is to be apportioned for the inflation of the War and immediate post-war periods, it must be laid at the door of those who were responsible for the War and the peace rather than of the banks or treasuries that actually carried out the inflations. But he does not believe that very much censure is due in any case since the 1914–25 inflations at least performed the beneficial and necessary function of extinguishing huge burdens of debt, and in France, in particular, the 'post-war inflation served largely productive purposes and was diverted into the creation of capital goods,' so that 'the result was highly satisfactory'—a conclusion from which the dispossessed rentiers at least might dissent.

The chief weakness in the stabilization of 1925–29, in Dr. Einzig's opinion, was that fundamental disequilibria between national price levels were themselves stabilized by an 'arbitrary choice of the rates of stabilization without regard to the economic pari-

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ties and to the possibilities of adjusting the economic parities to the new mint parities.' He admits, however, that the stabilization period was on balance salutary, though some readers may be surprised by the statement that 'the discovery of the technical possibility of multiplying wealth and welfare was largely the result of the stabilization period.'

In his attempt to explain the onset of the deflation of 1929–31 Dr. Einzig evades many of the more difficult issues. But his survey of the reflationary years 1931–35 is acute and illuminating. He points out that reflation by cheap money reduces the burden of indebtedness while reflation by public expenditure increases it. He advocates devaluation as the best method of all, however, on the ground that it reduces both the capital and interest burden of indebtedness. The gold bloc, by its persistent deflationary efforts to maintain existing parities, Dr. Einzig believes to be exerting a downward pull on the rest of the world. And he does not consider that even internally the policy can possibly succeed:—

'Nor is there any reason to think that the deflating countries were in any way better off after the successive economy drives than before them. By the time the cuts had produced their effect on prices, the aggravation of the depression had further reduced public revenue and purchasing power, and both the government and private undertakings had to start afresh to cut down their spendings. This process was a vicious circle with no hope of a break.'

Dr. Einzig speaks of the gold bloc's deflationary efforts in the past tense because he wrote under the impression that M. Flandin's credit-expansion policy, combined with the Belgian devaluation, would sweep away the last deflationary cobwebs.

In any case, however, he believes that the rest of the gold bloc will have to devalue; and in this he is supported by most informed opinion in this country. But even after such a devaluation Dr. Einzig would not commit this country to a fixed gold parity. A gold standard modified by movable parities seems to him the most hopeful system in the light of the last twenty-one years' experience. Such a compromise, he argues, will preserve some of the best of both worlds. He will find many to agree with him.

LIFE BEGAN YESTERDAY. *By Stephen Foot. London: Heinemann. 1935.*

(Raymond Mortimer in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

THE Buchmanite movement is enjoying considerable success in the British Dominions, Norway, and Germany, and its adherents believe that it can, and will, solve all our most serious problems. The Germans will love the French, the capitalist will help his rivals, the proletariat will trust the capitalists, wives will be content with their husbands, and sons will get on with their fathers. This, it may be said, is a brave reaffirmation of Christian teaching, and indeed, if we would only obey that teaching, these results would follow. But in fact, if we are to trust such books as *For Sinners Only* and *Life Began Yesterday*, Buchmanism attaches an importance to earthly happiness and prosperity that is quite un-Christian and, I should say, even anti-Christian. Such happiness as saints attain on earth is incidental—their object is to

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do God's will and so obtain happiness beyond the grave for themselves and their fellows:—

Unde superbit homo, cujus conceptio culpa,
Nasci poena, labor vita, necesse mori?
Vana salus hominis, vanus decor, omnia vana:
Inter vana, nihil vanius est homine.
Dum magis alludunt praesentis gaudia vitae,
Praeterit, imo fugit; non fugit, imo perit.
Post hominem vermis, post vermem fit cinis, heu! heu!
Sic redit ad cinerem gloria nostra suum.

After Adam de St. Victor let us listen to Mr. Foot: 'The head of a firm said the other day at a meeting for business men: "We wish to see the Holy Ghost as chairman of every board of directors, controller of every asset, author of every transaction, and auditor of every balance sheet." . . . The Sermon on the Mount provides a practical and sensible business-code.'

This view of Christianity as-a-short cut to increased dividends seems to have more in common with the teaching of Mr. Selfridge's Callisthenes than with that of Jesus. One begins to wonder whether Buchmanism is more than Rotarianism in a more emotional form.

IT IS significant that *Life Began Yesterday* (though much less vulgar than *For Sinners Only*) is packed with stories every one of which ends as happily as a fairy-tale:—

'A forewoman, working in a factory, was changed and went to her employer, not to complain about her own salary but to tell him that some of the girls in her department were underpaid. She knew that she was risking her job, but instead of sacking her the employer got out the wage book and raised the wages of ten girls at once.'

There is story after story of the same order: the Buchmanite is always rewarded not merely with the consciousness of having done right but with solid terrestrial gains. This new form of hagiology is far indeed from the stories of persecution in Christian legend. If martyrs are the seed of the Church, Buchmanism threatens to be remarkably unfertile.

Mr. Foot gives as an instance of current problems the existence in the same town of overcrowding, unemployment in the building trades, and large stocks of unsaleable building material. But what is the Buchmanite going to do about this even if he takes pencil and paper and waits for 'Guidance'? It is a problem that requires hard thinking much more than good feeling. It might perhaps be solved by the spread of Buchmanism, if all Buchmanites were guided to think private profit sinful, but, as far as I can make out, this is not one of the messages that come through.

At the same time, Buchmanism evidently brings great happiness to many of its converts. At a Buchmanite meeting I heard speaker after speaker testify that since they had been 'changed' they had for the first time been able to say what they really thought. For extremely conventional persons always casting a nervous eye at what their neighbors may think, Buchmanism obviously comes as an enormous relief. If your friends and relations annoy you, you just point out the fact, of course, in the most charitable way. I think that the success of Buchmanism is chiefly with shy, emotional, and highly repressed characters. Mr. Foot himself is em-

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barrassingly naïve and heroically frank about his unregenerate past. 'Foreigners, of course, and people of other races I simply regarded as inferior beings.' And his examination of conscience continues:—

'After all, I was a very respectable housemaster, so that there could certainly not be any difficulty about purity. But there came into my mind a certain verse in St. Matthew, which implied that thoughts were just as bad as deeds, and I realized that, if, at certain times, my thoughts had been flashed on the screen, I should have been more than a little uncomfortable. And I also remembered certain books I read, encouraged thereto by a review that included some such phrase as "rather a daring treatment of a difficult subject." How I had bluffed myself by saying that I ought to know the kind of thing that parents and senior boys might possibly come across. Absolute purity? . . . There remained absolute unselfishness, but here I felt myself on safe ground. I was well known as a very unselfish person; parents had often said so, even the Bishop of the Diocese thought the same when he noted the willingness with which I tackled any task to which he called me . . . Gradually it became clear that all my life was bound up in two things: credit-snatching and blame-avoiding.'

We should all be the better for thus examining our motives, and, if all that Buchmanism did was to make people more honest with themselves and freer in their conversation, its spread could be welcomed. But here is another quotation:—

'One of the most helpful facts in speeding up the acceptance of the Oxford Group message is that in many lands young and old had grown accustomed to the idea of personal discipline and willingness to sacrifice for the sake of their country.'

This seems to me to sound a more sinister note. For in fact Buchmanism, though Mr. Foot says little of this, is now enjoying considerable success among the Nazis and counts adherents among prominent figures in the Party. It is indeed a part of the reaction against reason that is now sweeping Europe: the continual recourse to 'Guidance' typifies that idolatry of the subconscious that is now the most fashionable of superstitions. With an interior oracle always on tap, more laborious methods of discovering the truth are superseded. You may be guided to love your enemies. And you may also be guided to effect their conversion to better ways of thought by means of rubber truncheons. No doubt Mr. Buchman would disapprove such an interpretation of the doctrine of 'absolute love,' but a religion in which moral theology seems to have no place lends itself to the gravest perversions. The quick success of Buchmanism is partly due to a contempt for dogma, which in the long run must wreck the movement by destroying its unity. Mr. Buchman may be a shrewd and businesslike man, but 'Guidance' is as flimsy a foundation for a religion as a planchette or a ouija-board; and nothing could be more unlike the Rock that is the traditional foundation of the Church.

Mr. Foot's publishers assure us that this 'is one of the rare books, which may change the whole life of anyone who opens it'; and, short of this, it can be recommended to anyone who wishes to understand the nature of the Buchmanite appeal.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Scandal in Norway

NORDAHL GRIEG, one of the most popular young Norwegian playwrights, was recently asked to become director of the Bergen National Theatre—which, incidentally, was the first to produce Ibsen's early plays. He refused on the ground that he was busy in Moscow translating Jack London's works into Norwegian. When he returned to his own country, he offered a play to the same theatre that had asked him to be its director, and it was immediately accepted and put into rehearsal. At this point the state-subsidized National Theatre decided three to two that the play was unfit for public performance. But Hans Jacob Nilsen, its young and popular director, insisted that rehearsals continue. The students organized protest meetings. The newspapers published column after column, which—though they did little to enlighten the public about the fundamental ideas in the play—aroused widespread interest.

The much-publicized young author found himself besieged with offers from enterprising producers. The National Theatre in Oslo put in its bid; Per Lindberg, the great Swedish producer, offered his services: The Bergen National Theatre was seriously taken aback by these spectacular developments and decided that what was a good thing for so many other organizations was a good thing for Bergen. Rehearsals were resumed, and Nordahl Grieg's *Our Honor and Our Power* enjoyed an unprecedented success at the Bergen National Theatre.

The play is composed of seventeen scenes, which are acted in front of the curtain, on the stage itself, and in the balconies, to the accompaniment of music, percussion, and speaking choirs. We quote the following description of the first-night performance from the Oslo *Dagbladet*:—

'Brilliantly lighted, a coffin covered by the Norwegian flag rests on the darkened stage—the sailor's coffin. The coffin sinks slowly as the music plays a well-known hymn—*Syng mig hjem* (sing me home). Suddenly the music bursts into dissonance. The year 1917 flashes across the curtain, which rises on a munitions maker's peaceful, sun-flooded office, overlooking the port.

'The gay adventure of the munitions makers during the War is unfurled before our eyes. They make hundreds of thousands shipping armaments to the Allies, and, if the boat sinks, no matter! The insurance companies will pay the price—and a little extra besides. The speculators are ecstatic; their joy is boundless.

'But the happy people are in the minority. The tableaux that follow show us the sailors,—on land with their families and at sea,—those who have remained in the shadow and who suffer from the rising cost of living.

'The epilogue, which takes place in 1935, is inspired by the danger of a new world war. In the midst of voices exulting over rising stocks and boosting private enterprise, machine guns splutter, soldiers advance and fall. The silhouette of a woman praises life and peace in deeply moving words; no one hears her. Suddenly, a thunderbolt—the "No!" of the sailors and the workers. The factory sirens screech the news of the general strike against war as the only hope for the future.'

Austrian Films Meet Their Censor

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* describes the difficulties of Austrian film producers, who have to cut their films to fit the German censor:—

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'Austrian film production has recently been almost completely "assimilated" to German methods. It is said that the Austrian Government is endeavoring to find means of counteracting these new Nazi influences, but for the time being Austrian film production is at the mercy of the German rulers.

'Yet during the last two years the Austrian film has made rapid strides. The few really good films produced recently in the German language were made in Vienna. Among them *Masquerade*, with Paula Wessely, was one of the great successes in London. The Schubert film *Leise Flehen Meine Lieder*, with Martha Eggerth, was another success abroad. Other films produced recently in Vienna, such as *Hohe Schule*, with Rudolf Forster, Machaty's *Nocturno*, and the new film *Episode*, with Paula Wessely, belong certainly to the highest order of production hitherto attained on the Continent.

'This high quality is now seriously endangered by German "assimilation." The two largest film studios in Vienna, one on the Rosenhügel and the other in Sievering, are owned by the Sascha-Tobis Company, which in reality is a German firm. Moreover, only those Austrian films can have any financial success that are assured of admission into Germany. A film produced in Austria can recover only 15 per cent of the cost of production on the home market; 60 to 80 per cent of the cost is, as a rule, covered by showing in Germany.

'Films produced by "non-Aryan" firms in Vienna could be shown only in Austria and in a few Balkan countries where a section of the town population was hostile to films made in Germany. But, though these non-Aryan films were made cheaply (the actors and actresses were mostly exiles from Germany and had to be content with lower salaries), the costs could not be recovered from the limited market. Thus this section of film production has slowly died out. The field was conquered for the "Aryan" films.

'Such films that, on the basis of an exchange quota of about 100 German films to 11 Austrian films, are made in Vienna and can be shown in Germany have to be produced under National-Socialist control. Just as the scenario of every German film has to be passed by the 26-year-old *Reichsfilmdramaturg* (National film-reader), Herr Krause, so the Austrian producers must obtain the consent of this high German authority. It is obvious that a single person cannot give an expert opinion on several hundred films. Moreover, no one in the world can foretell whether a good scenario will yield a good film. In any case, this preliminary German censorship already constitutes a serious obstacle to the production of a good film.

'The Nazis have introduced new ethical standards, as well as a new outlook on life, in Germany. Under these circumstances the type of German film that can count on the approval of the censor is something like this: a German man, who, naturally, is tall, blond, good looking, and of a militant, sporting, and healthy type, "racially pure," makes the acquaintance of a German girl, who is also tall, beautiful, blonde, a good sportswoman, "racially pure," highly patriotic, and, above all, a good housekeeper and a good cook. They meet, they fall in love, and they marry. This, however, is a poor plot for a film. Moreover, the German Frau does not smoke, does not bob her hair but wears it in two huge plaits, she does not flirt, must under no circumstances commit adultery, and the maximum permitted length of a kiss is three seconds.

'I have presented the case somewhat crudely, but these are more or less the things that a film producer must keep in mind if he wants to export his film to Germany. Only the other day an advertising film showed a newly married woman whose marriage was endangered by her bad cooking when suddenly she discovered that she could buy excellent macaroni of such-and-such a make. This discovery restored happiness in the home. The Ger-

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man censor prohibited this advertising film because the German woman is always a good cook.

'It must be said that for films produced in Vienna a certain amount of tolerance is shown in Berlin. Many things are permitted in Viennese films that would be objected to in films produced in Berlin. Nevertheless, the Austrian films to be shown in Germany are subjected to strict Nazi control. First, all actors and actresses, the cameramen, the managers, the cutters, the technical personnel, and the rest must be Aryans. The Propaganda Ministry of Dr. Goebbels has sent a commissar to Vienna, who is paid by the producers and who verifies that these conditions are meticulously observed. But there is still a great deal of *Tarnung* (camouflage). Often amateurs figure as authors, simply because they are Aryans, while the real playwright is perhaps a well-known author of Jewish origin.'

On the other hand, we feel compelled to quote the following Associated Press dispatch, printed in the *New York Times* on August 7, 1935: 'American and other foreign motion pictures written, produced, or acted by Jews will still be acted in the Reich, Hans Hinkel, new Nazi director of "non-Aryan" art, said to-day. He pointed out that the question of excluding Jewish influences from the nation's cultural life was purely an internal affair, which in no case should be connected with the international film business. Mr. Hinkel said the foreign films would be used if they were not "harmful" to the German people, but that, if they have Jewish actors, authors, or producers, "this must be openly and honorably stated."'

The *Manchester Guardian* correspondent goes on to say:—

'This German control creates enormous difficulties for the producers. In addition, there are the Austrian restrictions. Since May 1, there has existed a film censorship. The police and the experts of the Ministry of Education and other authorities must see the film and give their approval.'

Under these circumstances, and with the loss of so many distinguished producers and actors,—notably the brilliant Elisabeth Bergner,—it is indeed remarkable that the Austrian film industry is still able to carry on without complete loss of humor and artistic integrity.

Political Prisoners in Portugal

FROM the little-known republic of Portugal, where General Carmona and Dr. Salazar, Economist Extraordinary, maintain their dictatorial sway in place of the expelled House of Braganza, we receive another moving literary document —the testimonial of political prisoners, Communists and Anarchists. This comes to us in the form of a paper written and circulated secretly from cell to cell and from prison to prison.

One hears no cries and no complaints from these valiant men. Prison, to them, is 'a school for character building.' We quote from the *Boletim Inter-Prisional* written in the Peniche prison:—

'For many long years we have been of the opinion that prison is the place where a man proves his revolutionary consciousness in practice and where he constantly affirms that repression has in no way changed his ideas but, on the contrary, has reinforced even more firmly the fighter's mentality. In the course of years and a rather prolonged sojourn in prison, we have somewhat modified our way of facing the question. Certain facts that we recently observed have forced us to criticize severely some individuals who maintained an attitude of fierce hostility toward the dictatorship while they were at liberty but who, in prison, cowered before their jailers in order to obtain some slight material advantage.'

The author goes on to explain that he speaks of prisoners who belonged to the 'republican wing' and are 'economically related to the bourgeoisie or have a basic ideology that is completely different from

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ours, the ideology of those who take part in the class struggle.' He concludes: 'And yet prison is a school that does not have its equal, a school where, among other things, men learn to develop their characters. Our faults, our moral deviations, which pass unnoticed in the outside world, are brought to light within prison walls. That is why we believe that, through the free criticism we practise, prison will transform the characters of thinking men who sojourn in its dungeons.'

At the same time, in order to supply the deficiency of cultural and scientific information, the better-educated prisoners write papers on economics, overproduction, the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie, Bolshevism and terrorism, the Anarchists and Van der Lubbe, etc.

In the same paper, we find the following digression: 'A cold and rainy night during an austere winter. The sea crashes against the rocks below. On my hard prison bed I hear the wind howling: it shakes the window panes. The rain falls in torrents, drumming against the windows and the slate roof like a hailstorm of tiny leaden beads. Through the macabre symphony of the south wind, I hear a sad and isolated note—the dull cries of the sentinels standing watch at the gate. And in my brain that clear and precise cry resounds, like a clock, marking the quarter- and the half-hour, the hours of a sleepless night, a night of fever and torture behind those fragile bars where we dwell.

'There, at the foot of the wall, bared to the anger of the tempest, their bayonets drawn, their guns loaded, men stand on guard—sons of the down-trodden, the exploited, victims of the same economic and political system that oppresses us. These men, so different from us because they are unconscious and brainless, remind us now and then that they are vigilant—ready, in return for the miserable salary they receive, to mount guard over this monster, which in its thirst for life and power will devour them, too. And beyond the heavy walls that surround us, how many sleepless men and women in homes without bread, how much anguish and misery!

'And always the same reason, always the same force engendering and maintaining everywhere constant turmoil. We must strike a last powerful blow to fell for all time that well-fed and blood-spattered monster—social inequality, the dominance of capitalism. Let us concentrate our strength, let us unite in a single bloc, all of us who are the victims of the odious capitalist system, and by a bold effort we shall overthrow from its pedestal that god with feet of clay. Easily we shall annihilate this spectre, which for centuries has fed on the blood and sweat of the humble and which, in its last throes, still rests on the cowardice of some and the indifference of an apathetic majority.

'We have started the greatest movement of all times. We shall write the most beautiful page in history. By our acts of justice we shall lay the foundations for a new social structure, which will assure the political and economic rights of bread and work justly remunerated, the well-being of all who live by the work of their hands.

'Workers, laborers! The world belongs to you. Understand your destiny, seize it from the hands of the usurpers. To go forward—that is the task of revolutionaries; no material handicaps can stop you. To you who are free, we have much to say. Your financial aid, though necessary, is of no avail to those who have fallen; but the moral support that you bring plays an important rôle. Bring us a chain of friendly words and moral comfort: thus will you give us new courage. Show us that we are not spending our days in perpetual oblivion.'

'Prison is a school for character building,' the Portuguese Communists say. And in their turn they will erect prisons to build character in others whose ideas do not happen to coincide with their own. And so the cycle goes. After the Christian Martyrs, the Inquisition. Heroism is perhaps the one thing that is eternal.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

A Russian on American Efficiency

P. A. BOGDANOV, the former head of the Amtorg in New York, recently returned to Russia and analyzed for his fellow countrymen the basic qualities of American efficiency:—

What is the essence of American efficiency? In the course of my five-year stay in the United States, I came to the conclusion that its elements are simplicity and expediency; the ability to solve problems in the simplest and most effective manner with the smallest expenditure of means and labor and with the greatest results.

From my office window on the seventeenth floor of one of the skyscrapers along Fifth Avenue I was able to observe the daily construction of the biggest building in the world—the Empire State. Every day at specified hours, trucks brought separate metal structures that had been previously bolted together. A simplified derrick picked them up and raised them to the required height. The building grounds were never cluttered up, and the construction in no way interfered with the stream of pedestrians on the sidewalk.

But one day I noticed that men were raising boards by hand. They started from the ground up and handed them from one story to the next in such a way that it was difficult to see just how they did it. Observing them more closely, I noticed that there were workers standing on each floor and handing the boards upward. It seems that it would be necessary to build a special and very complicated machine to raise the boards mechanically and, since boards are used only on a few rare occasions, the Americans had recourse to the most efficient method. They stationed twenty workers who raised the whole lot within half an hour. The Americans were not ashamed to use hand labor on a highly mechanized construction because in this case the hand method was the most rational. That's what I mean when I speak of simplicity in solving problems.

In other cases, following the same principle of expediency, the Americans would not hesitate to build a special machine for the mass production of some small piece of equipment. In one factory I saw an automatic machine that produced tens of thousands of tiny cones in the course of a day. When I asked how many such machines the factory was planning to build, I received the following amazing answer: 'not more than three,' for this machine was adaptable to only three automobile firms whose mass production justified its purchase—Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler.

Specialization characterizes American industry. And it is precisely this specialization that enables American technicians to arrive at quick solutions for all new problems. As an example of specialization, we should consider the airplane industry. Two of the biggest American motor-building factories—Wright and Pratt and Whitney—are also used for the assemblage of airplanes. They receive the essential parts of the motor from a whole series of specialized factories. Likewise, separate factories build for them all the flight-control equipment—wheels, brakes, and so forth.

Specialization enables America to adopt new technical discoveries very quickly. The builder of a new machine does not have to worry about all the details, for he can give his orders to a whole series of specialized factories or to a number of specialists in his own factory. In building

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a new machine, dozens of people and series of enterprises and institutes go to work at the same time. Thus the results are achieved far more quickly than they would otherwise be.

Moreover, secrecy does not play the same rôle in American production that it plays in Europe, especially in Germany. A patent soon loses its value because of the construction tempo and the competition. A patent that is good to-day is old stuff to-morrow. Strict secrecy is applied only to special military inventions, especially in the field of chemistry.

In what way is American technique superior to European methods? I do not intend to give a profound analysis of the question. But, without saying anything of the skyscrapers and the suspension bridges, which do not have their equal in Europe, I should like to point out that Europe lacks entirely the complex rolling machines for producing sheet metal. In America they produce extremely fine sheet metal of the highest quality.

America surpasses Europe in the field of aviation, and the problem of stratosphere flights is nearing a practical solution in the U. S. A. But the chief difference in favor of the United States involves the method of American workmanship, which is also the most effective for Soviet industry. The broadest possible mechanization, mass organization of production, specialization, and rationalization—all these things have been developed to the highest degree in the United States.

In this connection we should mention the oil industry. In 1929 we bought an American patent for oil refinement, and we likewise took over the latest American method for well-boring. But during the last five years America has gone far ahead in the fields of refining and boring, whereas we, on the basis of experience, have not been able to reach a higher stage of development. The commission that came to America in 1934 noted the tremendous gap that had developed in that time between the American methods in the oil industry and our own. This would not have happened had we systematically followed industrial developments abroad.

Of course, we should not copy the United States blindly, for we have already gone far enough along the path to construction ourselves. But America can serve as a kind of yardstick with which to measure our own technical achievements, and, whenever we lag behind, we should try not to follow the American path but, by independent means, to invent what they have already achieved. We must also adapt American working methods to our own needs: this is one of our most important problems.

Karl Marx in America

JEAN CANU, writing in the *Europe Nouvelle*, surveys the prospects of a Communist revolution in the United States with a skeptical eye:—

The smallest incidents in American working-class life—trade-union agitation, strikes, or attempted strikes, local troubles, pacifist demonstrations, and more or less violent street fights—are presented to the French public as the precursors of a vast social revolution. A few months ago the general strike in San Francisco and more recently the conflicts in the Middle Western automobile industry have been made a basis for the prediction that Communism is on the verge of mastering the great American republic. In reality, no exact or approximate date has been set.

Before burying America, let us try to become acquainted with it. In the first place, the forces of social repression have thus far readily triumphed over every new movement. An open revolt that could last three days would already be a revolution. The police are easily corrupted when it is a question of closing their eyes to the dubious activities of this or that rich and influential person, but they have lost none of their traditional ardor when it comes to wielding their billies over a mass of dis-

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armed and poorly clad demonstrators. Compared to the police the National Guard is an angel of kindness. Public opinion readily takes the side of the stronger power, and it is very badly informed on what really takes place. Working-class papers are non-existent, so to speak. Proletarians and bourgeois buy about the same papers, which draw nine-tenths of their revenue from industrial and financial publicity. An independent press is inconceivable in the United States.

Moreover, every large economic organization has its own police, sometimes endowed with state privileges and always capable of foreseeing and preventing the majority of dangers that threaten the all-powerful ruling class. Take the Pennsylvania coal mines, for example. It sometimes happens that all the apartment houses, the entire area of a village, or even of a county, belong to the mine owners, in which case the civil rights of the employees and the miners are reduced to nothing. In less removed places, in the working-class districts of large cities, the control of the employer, though less narrow, takes a thousand subtle forms that keep the mass of workers in a state of half vassalage. It takes a lot of energy to try to cast off the yoke and a lot of courage or folly not to abandon the adventure immediately. The fear of blows, persecution, expulsion, and famine, not only for the worker but also for his family, is sufficient to moderate the ardor of ninety-nine out of a hundred.

But in most cases it is not necessary to have recourse to such arguments. American psychology is at hand to turn the worker away from the class struggle. Children learn in school that a man worthy of the name takes care of his business without asking help from his neighbor. For are not all hopes possible to the free citizen of the United States, regardless of birth, family, and even education? His future depends upon his energy, his will power, and his luck. His life is a race, and one has never seen losing runners plot to break the victor's legs. It is all right for the poor slaves of Europe, perverted by centuries of feudalism and oppression, to band together against unjust privileges. America is ignorant of injustice and envy and social humiliations. He who rises from the ranks by his work and his ingenuity remains the friend of his less fortunate brothers. Neither luxurious living nor even ideas distinguish him from them. The same honest, simple pleasures, the same conceptions draw them together. Only bad sports, jealous and cowardly men, could be tempted into plot and violence in order to improve their situation.

Every day some new illustration of this optimistic, soporific doctrine presents itself. In his family and with his friends, the child learns to rely on himself and to aim high without annoyance at his neighbor's success. Thus in our period of economic and financial concentration this 'frontier' conception subsists, born of primitive times when each strong man had an equal chance to triumph or to lose his life in the daily struggle with the Indians and the forest. Popular literature, the movies and the papers vie with each other in propagating this illusion.

THIRTY or forty years ago America was still a country of farmers and master artisans who worked with the help of their families. Industry, which was already powerful in the East, brought in cargoes of ignorant and starving immigrants, whom it enslaved in its factories by military regulations and miserable salaries. The native-born American, owner of the house he lived in, of his land, and of his trade, despised this foreign mob. When working conditions changed and large enterprises got the upper hand everywhere, he did n't want to be confused with a crowd of newcomers. He reserved for himself the better-paid occupations, and the workers in a corporation formed close groups more for the purpose of barring undesirable competitors than with the idea of imposing their conditions on the employers. Skilled

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workers, the printers, for example, were the first to form those 'unions,' which were aristocratic associations that pretended to maintain a fairly high standard of living and a certain moral independence. Later on, just as in England, unions arose in all industries, even the most vulgar ones. But to this day they have all been more interested in assuring their members special advantages—particularly security in their work—than in dragging them into a general struggle against the employer regarded as an exploiter.

Naturally, purely revolutionary tendencies appeared first among that miserable proletariat that had left its European inferno only to enter a more hellish circle. For a long time American Socialist and Communist leaders were recruited almost exclusively among immigrants. Coming from mouths that murdered the English language, the doctrine of the class struggle, which was in itself antagonistic to the Anglo-Saxon mind, did not gain any new prestige. It was too easy for the masters of public opinion to say, 'Look at these unwashed men, these barbarians with strange accents and ridiculous superstitions who can't succeed by the power of their work and their merit. In order to take away from you the deserved privileges that they envy, these disloyal men try to organize and to outnumber you and thus impose their will on the employers and the authorities. They would like to reduce your working capacity to the feeble level that their laziness does not allow them to surpass. They are jealous, impotent men, slaves—Europeans, to put it briefly. Remain faithful to the American ideals of free competition and loyal emulation, and you will retain your privileged situation.' No one would dare say such things aloud to-day. But the feeling behind these words, though it is perhaps unconscious, dwells in the hearts of many old-time Americans still.

Thus everything conspires against the birth of class consciousness in the United States. There is no doubt that envy and jealousy stress social differences and the capricious distribution of wealth there as elsewhere. Millionaires and multi-millionaires, the few that remain, are the objects of public malice. Whether they affect opulence or simplicity, whether they give away a large part of their fortunes or keep all their money for themselves, there will be no dearth of critics. But there is an abyss between this pettiness, common to the poor people of all countries, and a strong will to prevent the formation of financial feudalism.

An American senator in search of demagogy, wanting to obliterate some personal peccadillos, the famous Huey Long, tried to formulate a law that would limit private fortunes to a million dollars. Beyond that everything would belong to the State. Though the margin was generous, it seemed insufficient to many people who never dreamed of having such resources. The idea didn't interest public opinion in the least. Every American still looks upon life as a lottery. Then why cut down the big prize? For doesn't he have as good a chance as his neighbor to get it? Then, too, if a limit were thus placed on your financial ambitions, what would you do if you had reached that limit? Under such conditions, Rockefeller would never have constructed petroleum pipe-lines across the continent; Ford would not have put the automobile within reach of the worker and the farmer. Who in the United States would work without the perspective of earning more dollars?

Karl Marx and his disciples will have a lot to do in order to triumph over such a mentality. The crisis will have to be hopelessly prolonged and the inhabitants of America will have to become a people, and not a mixture of races, before a social revolution has the slightest chance, not to succeed, but just to be considered as a possible solution for present difficulties. For an Anglo-Saxon stomach, *Das Kapital*, even in the form of pills and tablets, will always be more difficult to digest than the Bible.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

THE NAZI DICTATORSHIP: A STUDY IN SOCIAL PATHOLOGY AND THE POLITICS OF FASCISM. *By Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 494 pages. $3.00.*

THIS is one of the most dramatic, scholarly, and readable books on Germany published since Ernst Henri's *Hitler over Europe:* with whose political orientation, however, it has nothing in common. Professor Schuman (of the Faculty of Political Science at the University of Chicago) spent the greater part of the eventful year 1933 in Germany, returning with an impressive mass of first-hand material on the origins, development, mechanism, psychology, and pathology of the National-Socialist movement. This movement, he says, is now going 'forward toward the bloody catharsis of collective murder and suicide, which is to resolve the intolerable tensions of minds gone mad.' The quotation illustrates the author's approach: that of a political scientist trained in those psychiatric techniques that Harold Laswell (one of Professor Schuman's colleagues) seeks to apply to the study of social movements. Of underlying economic forces we are told little, nor are we permitted to realize the silent but powerful revolutionary possibilities in the seeming omnipotence of the Nazi régime. But of this régime itself—from its beginnings in an obscure Munich beer-hall to its hysterical triumph on November 12, 1933—we learn enough and to spare. Particularly illuminating are the author's accounts of the Party (NSDAP), both as a 'gospel' and as one of the most efficient terrorist machines in modern times; of the astounding propaganda genius exhibited by Hitler, Goebbels, and their aides; of the shrewd circumventing of all opposition through a ruthless exploitation of 'legality' (the 'spineless Social Democrats' disgust even this cool and objective student); of the Reichstag Fire, the rapid and complete liquidation of all organized resistance. Anti-Semitism and the extreme hatred of Marx, Communism, and the class-struggle are analyzed with considerable insight, as is the racial bigotry centring around Rosenberg and Julius Streicher. Graphic pen-portraits of Nazi leaders, with copious extracts from their writings and speeches, further add to the value of a book that should take permanent rank as one of the best written on Germany—and on the basic social characteristics of Fascism everywhere.

INDUSTRIAL GERMANY, A STUDY OF ITS MONOPOLY ORGANIZATIONS AND THEIR CONTROL BY THE STATE. *By Hermann Levy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 245 pages. $3.50.*

NO ONE who wishes to know what are the real forces behind—and within—the Third Reich can afford to neglect this valuable study of German monopoly capital. Professor Levy, an eminent British authority on industrial organization, says very little either of Hitler and his aides or of the political manœuvrings of National Socialism. His concern is with the great titans of finance capital and industrial monopoly—the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate, the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, A.G., the I.G. Farbenindustrie, the Siemens-Schuckert, A.E.G., and numerous others. These he describes from their origin to the present day, with a wealth of factual material relating to their technical, administrative, and financial development—stressing throughout the gradual absorption by them of many of the functions hitherto supposed to be those of an 'impersonal' State. True, it is made to look as though the State were absorbing them—but this illusion certainly does not affect Herr Hitler! In his capacity as an objective student of capitalist practices, Professor Levy avoids all controversial issues except those arising out of his material directly (types of combination, legal problems involved, costs of production, price-fixing, etc.). Nevertheless, this material, by its very nature, cannot but reveal the mechanism of imperialism in all its brutal reality, the more so as many comparisons are made between the swift, 'Prussianized' development of the German cartel and its variants and the more clumsy (because more individualist) trusts of England and America. One chapter on 'The International Sphere' gives us so vivid a picture of the world-wide network of monopoly capital, ceaselessly working to build up what it seems doomed as ceaselessly to tear down, that few informed readers can doubt the logical out-

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come: war. These readers, however, must supply their own conclusions: Professor Levy is content to present them with a masterly technical analysis of industrial Germany during one of the most critical epochs of her history. For this we may be grateful.

FASCISM, MAKE OR BREAK? GERMAN EXPERIENCE SINCE THE JUNE 'PURGE.' *By R. Braun, translated by Michael Davidson. New York: International Publishers. 1935. 133 pages. $1.50.*

THIS small volume, packed with factual material drawn from a great variety of sources both official and underground, presents the revolutionary Marxist's attitude toward German Fascism. Mr. Braun is not, however, either a fanatic or a dogmatist. He knows his Germany at first hand, and the story he tells in these pages is a carefully documented one of accelerating economic and social decay under the 'leadership' of finance-capital, whose activities reach into—and are slowly paralyzing—every vital sector of German life. Agriculture, industry, the professions, the proletariat, and the petty bourgeoisie: the effects upon each of them of the Totalitarian Nazi State are exhibited without a trace of rancor, in the cold, slightly contemptuous manner of one who has access to information that can be trusted to speak for itself. Special emphasis is laid upon the armaments race and the inevitable maturing of imperialist war aims. In view of the recent revival of pogrom-psychology in the Third Reich, Herr Braun's comments on anti-Semitism are worth repeating here. 'Anti-Semitism,' he writes, 'belongs quite inevitably to anti-Soviet policy. In a new world war the mobilization of the whole "nation" can only succeed if decisive sections of the population, and above all the army itself, believe in a struggle for higher interests than those of finance-capital. A war against the Soviet Union will, for want of better devices, be waged with anti-Semitic slogans.' This statement will be remembered when the final history of the next world war comes to be written. Meanwhile, those who believe that it is simply not possible for Fascism to touch society at any point or in any way without at once poisoning it will find Herr Braun's book made to their order. It is a powerful indictment, soberly and tersely presented.

BLACK RECONSTRUCTION, *an Essay toward a History of the Part Which Black Folk Played in the Attempt to Reconstruct Democracy in America, 1860–1880. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 746 pages. $4.50.*

AS ONE of America's most prominent Negro intellectuals and scholars, Mr. Du Bois has long enjoyed a wide influence among his people. Of late years, however, this influence has been waning, largely because of a tendency to what might be called 'black chauvinism': the belief that ultimate Negro salvation, both economic and political, may be found only through a more or less complete 'segregation' from all contacts with the white peoples. This belief runs—quite literally like a 'dark thread'—through the present volume, marring what is, in many respects, one of the most exhaustive, dramatic, and valuable contributions to American history that has appeared in our generation. Mr. Du Bois has studied the whole subject of slavery and Reconstruction with extraordinary thoroughness, and his picture of the Negro's efforts at reconstruction and the establishment of genuine political independence are brilliantly painted. The author, who has read Marx with more emotion than understanding, seeks to prove that the Civil War could not have been won by the North without what he calls a 'general strike' of all Negro slave labor in the South. This is incorrect: a general strike implies a carefully organized struggle against the ruling class on the basis of a clear-cut class- (not race- or culture-) consciousness, which most of the sporadic Negro uprisings decidedly were not. Also, in his otherwise fascinating chapters on the Negro proletariat and the numerous small Negro communities that sprang up to meet the political needs of the period, Mr. Du Bois is far too ready to assume that white workers were somehow consistently hostile to Negroes, *as workers*. But Marx himself, despite his 'tactical' support of the North against the South, fully realized that all the workers, both white and black, were common victims of the race chauvinism exploited by the ruling class as an instrument for splitting what to-day we call 'the united front.' These criticisms are made necessary by Mr. Du Bois' professed claims to a 'Marxian' approach: they should be kept in mind while reading his book.

—HAROLD WARD

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

since opium has been the chief source of revenue for the military lords of China, General Chiang's campaign is probably conducted for military, as well as moral, reasons.

OUR group of articles from and about Nazi Germany speaks for itself: the irony is almost too obvious. For, after Fritz Brand's vicious diatribe against the Jews, we print a pathetic plea from *Israelitisches Familienblatt*, one of the few Jewish papers still tolerated in Germany. The author, who declares himself an opponent of assimilation, blames the Jews for trying to escape from the racial community and sounds a dour 'I told you so'—little realizing that, if the assimilation he so violently opposes had been completely effective, the racial theories of Herr Hitler and Company would not have a leg to stand on. He pleads for the maintenance of a steady Jewish birth rate in spite of hardships and persecution as a solution for the difficulties of the race.

WE FOLLOW this by a contribution from *Monde*, one of the more reliable Communist weeklies. This document, which is supposed to come directly from the German underground movement, describes a new form of psychological torture that the ingenious Gestapo men allegedly use.

THE group is completed by a high-flown statement of German ideals of sportsmanship and fair play from the officially sanctioned pen of Hans Pfundtner, Secretary of State in the Reich Ministry of the Interior.

THE well-known British liberal novelist and critic, E. M. Forster, summarizes the activities of the Writers' Congress in Paris and expressed the hope that out of it may come a broad anti-Fascist writers' organization and not a narrow sectarian group more concerned with Marxist propaganda than with a united front for the defense of liberty against Fascist dictatorship.

FROM the bucolic *Countryman* we select a tale told by a gypsy. It relates episodes from the lives of the gypsies, the descendants of the people whom George Borrow so charmingly described.

AND from the *Listener* we reprint a story by Seán O'Faoláin, a young Irish writer who has recently published a novel and a collection of short stories. Mr. O'Faoláin describes a meeting with an Irish woman patriot whom he remembers as one of the most glamorous women in the movement. But the revolutionary fire in her is long since dead, and the writer—for reasons that the story subtly suggests—is loath to rekindle it.

AFTER reading a Trotskiite appraisal of Stalin and a conservative Englishman's fulsome praise of Otto, pretender to the Hapsburg throne, our readers will perhaps enjoy meeting Ignatz Strassnoff, an impostor who plied his merry trade in prewar Vienna and managed to trick the so-called 'mighty of the earth' with so little effort that cleverness seems hardly at a premium.

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